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NIXON

Isidore Silver examines the record and finds a humorless, insecure scrambler after the American Dream.

PIAGET

Robert Coles discusses his emphasis on man the developing thinker rather than man the universal neurotic.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Leaders in the peace community considered formation of the American Clergymen's Committee for Vietnamese War Relief sufficiently important to warrant a press conference. So they booked the Monroe Room in Washington's Hotel Willard, and representatives of the Committee gathered there from across the country.

Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg, a past president of the National Council of Churches, flew in from Phoenix. Father Charles Hughes, a Catholic Charities director, came from Fargo; Dr. Richard Kern, president of Winebrenner Theological Seminary, from Findlay, Ohio; Rev. John W. Laney, president of the Baptist Peace Fellowship, from Rockville, Md.; Father Robert Hovda of the Liturgical Conference, from crosstown Washington. There were more.

It was an impressive group with hard news to divulge: a plan to channel relief contributions of Americans to war victims in both North and South Vietnam, regardless of U.S. law which would define aspects of their activity as illegal, on grounds of providing aid and comfort to the enemy.

The American Clergymen's Committee for Vietnamese War Relief scheduled its press conference for 1 p.m. on March 11, after members of the Committee would have met with Treasury and State Department officials to seek licenses for the allocation of $39,000 which the group has on deposit in foreign banks.

The Committee proposes to give $13,000 to agencies operating in Saigon-controlled areas of South Vietnam; $6,500 to Caritas Internationalis for medical supplies to the North Vietnamese Red Cross; $6,500 to the World Council of Churches for similar aid; and $13,000 to the Danish Committee of Conscience on Vietnam for the Red Cross of the National Liberation Front. On the first allocation, no clearance is needed, but on the others a waiver would be necessary.

The press conference was arranged both to discuss the Treasury and State Department rulings, and, in the event that these were negative (as indeed they were), to announce the determination of the Clergymen's Committee—comprising some 80 prominent churchmen—to proceed with their aid program in defiance of the law.

The fact that the Committee listed figures like the deans of the Harvard and Princeton divinity schools, bishops, top church executives, theologians and professors—many of them making their first public espousal of civil disobedience—made theirs a significant act of defiance. Certainly it seemed newsworthy; hence the press conference.

One o'clock was set aside for television interviews; at 4:45 p.m., newspaper and radio representatives were invited by. But both hours came and went without a single TV, radio or press person stopping in. "The conference was completely ignored," remarked James Forest, corresponding secretary for the Committee.

Forest was not a little bitter. He realized that the Committee's press conference coincided with Dean Rusk's appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, but he held that this did not explain the lack of coverage.

"All sorts of things occurring in the peace movement are not being covered these days," Forest remarked. "Just the week before, in the same hotel, a press conference called by SANE and the Fellowship of Reconciliation to make available new information on the political arrests in South Vietnam was also totally ignored." There are additional cases.

Forest is not charging suppression or boycott by the media of peace community activity, but he does see at work a casualness of interest which has the same end effect. The religious press he finds as delinquent as the rest of the media. The lone exception might be Religious News Service.

RNS, working from a press release received in the mails, put out a story on the Clergymen's Committee; it was the only one to bother.

•

David Dempsey took the measure of Irish pub conversation in the *Times Book Review* for, of all days, March 17:

"The Irish are serious about their humor, their eternal wordsmithing. And yet something is missing, the element, for example, that is usually present among the French, whose cafe conversationalists deal with larger questions of philosophy and literature, so that we come away from these sessions instructed. But the pub talkers of Dublin, although they may recite poetry, are not likely to discuss it, and in the end one comes away with the sense that he has been entertained, but that all the fine talk has not added up to very much."

•

Just about everyone has conceded by now that it is fatal for the Church, or anyone else, to approach racial problems on abstract, intellectual levels.

The New York Chancery, for instance, in commenting on the Riots Commission Report, said: "No longer can we avoid or oversimplify either the violence in the streets or the violence in the hearts of men. It certainly must be for us Catholics a challenge to conscience and a confrontation with social and moral evil which call for systematic and persevering action-programs."

In Philadelphia, however, it's much the old story. Msgr. Philip J. Dowling of the Archdiocesan Commission on Human Relations, in an interview in the March 8 *Standard and Times*, remarked: "The Church's function is principally one of moral persuasion—to remove racial feeling which prevents effective action."

•

The hawkish Wichita Falls (Texas) *Times* recently juxtaposed page one headlines over a weather story and Dean Rusk's appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, thus providing this delightful effect: "Rusk Offers To Stop Bombing"/"Snow And Wind Hit Area."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Last Things"

Rome, Italy

To the Editors: Although it is difficult to disagree with most of John McMahon's observations in his stimulating article "Catholic Students Look at Death" (Jan. 26), it is my conviction that several points he raises deserve further nuancing or development. I should like to reflect a bit more on three questions in particular: (1) Should there be a "moratorium on death-sermons?" (2) Does eschatologically-oriented religion warp not only the image we form of the Church, but our image of the world as well? (3) What is the precise relationship of the *eschatological* and *incarnational* approaches to Christianity?

With regard to the first question, one might respond with two additional questions. Has not such a moratorium *in fact* been in effect for some time? Might not a balanced proportion of sermons which treat the "last things" in the perspective of contemporary theology be the *real* need? . . . Due to overemphasis in the past on the subjects of hell, death and the like, and a reaction to the charges of the "demythologizers" and those who accuse Christianity of being a eudemonism which alienates man from his true purpose in *this* world, many priests have become reluctant to preach on the "last things" at all. I am not completely persuaded, therefore, that death-sermons are cornering the market.

On the other hand, McMahon's proposal of a moratorium on death-sermons appears to contradict his complaint earlier in his essay that Catholic students are almost totally ignorant of the theological treatment of death and the other "last things" by authors like Rahner, Boros and Gleason. How can a moratorium serve to communicate the original contributions of such thinkers? No, we must preach about the "last things," in the *correct* way, not exaggerating their importance, but neither ignoring

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IMPERIALISM OR ALTRUISM?

It once was a joke among Latin Americans that the best way to pry more aid from the United States was to cry "Communism." Nowadays, the tendency is to scream "violent revolution" or "terrorism," whereupon the despised giant of the North is expected to come running with bags of money. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Covey T. Oliver, who is also coordinator of the Alliance for Progress, recently sounded the "revolution" warning at a closed session of the House Foreign Affairs Committee in urging that the Administration's request for $648 million for the Alliance be approved. Perhaps unfortunately for Oliver, his plea came at a time when the House Committee was embroiled in a dispute over whether most hearings on economic and military aid should be open or whether most should be held in closed executive sessions in order to save time and avoid embarrassing friendly governments when critical testimony is expected.

This year, for the first time in 20 years, the Administration has revealed how the $2.5 billion in requested economic aid would be distributed, country by country. Regrettably, no such candor has been exhibited about military aid. The Pentagon, covering itself in sanctimonious allusions to national security, has insisted that details about the $540 million for military assistance must remain classified.

The case for open hearings on economic aid is obvious. The people must have access to all the facts if they are to make an intelligent appraisal of how their tax money is being used. Should "delicate matters" arise, they can be discussed later in executive sessions. This would be time-consuming, it is true, but efficiency has never been Congress' strong point and it seems ludicrous to use such an argument to keep the public ignorant of the details of aid to underdeveloped countries.

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Similarly, if less obviously, our military aid program should also be open to public scrutiny, making clear which nations we are giving or selling arms to and whether in each case the chances for world peace are enhanced or diminished. Neither the military establishment nor arms producers have proved themselves so wise or so solicitous of the welfare of poor nations that they should be allowed the privilege of secrecy before the public's right to know.

The principle of foreign aid is not at issue here, nor is the mean-spirited preoccupation with whether *we* are getting full value for our dollars. Rather, it is whether the people we are trying to help are getting full value. It may be, as many critics charge, that our foreign aid programs serve mainly to protect U.S. business investments abroad, letting just enough filter down to the people to forestall revolt.

Now, when most American foreign policy assumptions are being thrown open to analysis and debate, would seem to be an excellent time for a full investigation of whether our foreign aid is indeed a giveaway or whether it is mainly a cover for U.S. economic imperialism under the guise of altruism.

ROME AND THE IHM'S

At a moment in history when there is so much to protest about—the Vietnamese war, white racism, decaying cities—it may seem beside the point to print a protest about the case of the Immaculate Heart Nuns (p. 64). Why be overly concerned about a small group of predominantly white, educated, middle-class women engaged in a dispute with Rome and their Archbishop over such things as clothes and convent rules? Why not just let them all work it out for themselves while the rest of us concentrate on more earth-shaking issues? These questions stem from a genuine unease: a major shortcoming of the Church in the recent past has been its narcissistic contemplation of its own problems at the expense of the critical human problems facing the world.

But a protest, in this case, is in order. There now exist hundreds of thousands of nuns throughout the world, with close to 175,000 in this country. That many nuns, properly educated, properly motivated, properly dedicated, can do an immense amount of good in the world. They could be and in many cases already are a group whose combined efforts make a difference, on the war, on racism, on the cities. The IHM's realize this; so do a great number of the other orders for whom the struggle of the IHM's with Cardinal McIntyre and Rome has taken on a symbolic mantle. If the IHM's lose this struggle, all nuns are likely to feel the loss; and all of us who are Christians will feel it as well.

Our first impulse, and undoubtedly the impulse of many, is to counsel the IHM's to stop playing diplomatic games with their Cardinal and Rome, and just walk out. But there is reason to be hesitant about this impulse. Rome should be given the chance to open itself to reason and to protest. For the health of the whole Church, it would be good to see protest succeed, just as it would be good to see the possibility of a genuine discussion with Rome succeed in moving the Church forward. The IHM's have done the right thing in petitioning the Pope to live the kind of religious life projected in their plans for renewal of the order. They have bent over backwards to be conciliatory.

What if their petition is rejected? Much would depend upon the form of the rejection and the extent to which the Pope, if at all, made some important concessions. If the rejection is total, then the IHM's should sever their connection with the whole apparatus governing religious orders. They should, in that case, just walk out, reestablishing themselves as a lay institute to do the kind of work they see fit. If matters go that far, the IHM's will have our praise and our support. We would be much happier, though, if in the weeks ahead we could praise Rome for its good sense.

THE STUDENT AS NIGGER

Student power! The words reverberate with the resonance of a Carmichael speech. Student activism has taken on new meaning as an insurgent force to be reckoned with on a national level. Throughout the decade students have been instrumental in forcing political change, and this spring has witnessed the flowering of their energies both in the anti-war movement, the McCarthy campaign and of late, the Youth International Party (Yippie).

However, the challenge has been met by the police and other state agencies in what has come to be termed the "pot bust," the most notable of which occurred recently at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, but whose lash has been felt by over 300 students this year alone.

At Stony Brook, 198 police armed to the teeth invaded the campus at 5 A.M. on Jan. 17 and proceeded, Gestapo-like, to arrest 46 people, smashing into rooms and dragging off the suspects in the raid of raids. But the busts have not been confined to students on the campus. Various radical organizations have been raided, ostensibly for drugs, but in reality to harass them into capitulation and heavy legal fees. Already activities of SDS and SNCC have been drastically curtailed in some areas and anti-war groups around the country have had to fight for their existence rather than the war on segregation and poverty. In Pittsburgh last year the police went so far as to bust the Loaves and Fishes Coffee House, operated by Calvary Episcopal Church, which had been trying to gain a greater rapport and understanding with the youth of that community. In this and many other

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cases the charges were dropped; in Chicago, after Daley's police busted the U-JOIN project in the poor-white "Uptown" neighborhood, the group was nearly destroyed, though here again the charges of possession were subsequently dropped. The rule seems to be that the more radical or menacing to the political powers you are, the greater is the threat that the police will arrest you on a pot, or now an LSD charge. It may well be for this reason that the onerous pot laws will probably remain on the books, despite the manifold arguments against keeping them on medical and constitutional grounds. The laws have served as a means for keeping the student and radical communities on notice that they will be put down so long as young radicals continue to confront the absurdities in American life with political and cultural (and sartorial) alternatives.

Three-Way Donnybrook In Massachusetts

Democratic politicians in Massachusetts who were experiencing mild twitches over Senator Eugene McCarthy's impossible dream suddenly have had their nerves shattered by a very real nightmare. The Minnesota senator's apparent capture of the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic national convention was trouble enough. But Senator Robert F. Kennedy's plunge into the presidential race has been just too much. It has fractured the Democratic party in the Bay State.

Top-level party leaders and ward heelers alike are split. So are the liberal professors and the college students. Which way to go? Do the professional pols, who just a short while ago were whacking McCarthy and pledging undying loyalty to President Johnson, stick with that line and brace themselves to take their lumps from the Kennedy brothers? Or do they succumb to the pleadings of Massachusetts Senator Edward M. Kennedy and members of the Irish Mafia, switch from Johnson to Bobby and thus dare the wrath of the President? In either case, how do they know they won't wind up holding the bag?

And what about the intellectuals, the young people and others in Massachusetts who were stirred into political revolt by the McCarthy candidacy after waiting in vain for Robert Kennedy to declare himself? Do they now tell McCarthy it was fun while it lasted but Bobby really was their choice all along? Or do they stand strong with the Minnesota senator and feel guilty about turning their backs to the Kennedys?

The April 30 presidential primary in Massachusetts will do little to clear the air. McCarthy's is the only name on the Democratic ballot and he is almost certain to win the state's 72 convention votes. There seems little likelihood of a Kennedy write-in campaign since he has announced his support for McCarthy in the primary. Whatever possibility existed for a Johnson write-in was torpedoed by Kennedy's entry into the presidential race. Furthermore, a write-in campaign in Massachusetts would be a real problem. Thirty-eight heavily populated cities and towns with high Democratic concentrations vote by machines of one type or another.

So it is safe to assume that Senator McCarthy will capture the 72 Massachusetts convention votes on April 30. But he won't own them. The delegation will be owned by the Kennedy brothers. Senator Edward Kennedy, as the state's ranking officeholder in the party, will head the Democratic delegation. And the law requires only that the 72 votes go to McCarthy on the convention's first ballot. If it ever gets beyond that, the delegation will be Kennedy's.

This is ironical. For the Democratic leaders who would have stuck with Lyndon Johnson insisted on resigning from the delegation before Bobby Kennedy announced so that they wouldn't have to go through the motions of voting for McCarthy on the first ballot. This, they felt, was a true-blue test of loyalty. U.S. House Speaker John W. McCormack, his nephew, former Atty. Gen. Edward J. McCormack, U.S. Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien and Senate President Maurice A. Donahue all quit the delegation rather than be pledged even for one ballot to McCarthy.

This may have been a blessing in disguise for Donahue, who has always been close to the Kennedys. But there would have been no hesitation on the part of the McCormacks to show their loyalty to the President after the first ballot for McCarthy was cast. In light of their political feud with the Kennedys in Massachusetts, the McCormacks would find it painless to ignore Bobby's quest for the nomination.

Nor, for that matter, could master political-strategist Larry O'Brien have gone anywhere but for Johnson. True, the Postmaster General has defended Kennedy's right to be a candidate, as he has McCarthy's. And there has been no sign yet of any real falling out with the Kennedys over the bitter Johnson-Kennedy struggle for the nomination. In fact, Ted Kennedy went out of his way to introduce O'Brien at a St. Patrick's Day dinner in the Boston area, where he laid it on heavily for the onetime political advisor to the late President John F. Kennedy. Said Ted: "As you all know, Larry O'Brien has been a close friend and advisor to the Kennedys for a long time and he has performed a similar service for President Johnson. And at a time like this, only a charming Irishman like Larry could do this and survive." Ted then went on to pay tribute to O'Brien for his services to John Kennedy in the 1952 and 1958 senatorial campaigns and in the 1960 presidential campaign. But from this point on, things are bound to get awkward.

As it turned out, the resignation from the Massachu-

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setts delegation of O'Brien and other staunch Johnson supporters (31 in all), when it appeared that the President's only opponent would be McCarthy, strengthened the delegation for Bobby Kennedy. The Democratic state committee chairman saw to that even though Bobby had then given no public hint of his candidacy.

The state committee, by law, is the official Democratic organization in Massachusetts. On paper, it supposedly represents the voters who are enrolled as Democrats. In fact, it does no such thing. The average Massachusetts Democrat has no say whatever about how the state committee operates. In Massachusetts it is run by the Democrat with the most political muscle. And the Democrat with the most political muscle in Massachusetts is Teddy Kennedy. He selected state chairman Lester C. Hyman in the first place. Before Bobby Kennedy announced his candidacy, Hyman repeatedly had pledged his support for Lyndon B. Johnson and the President's foreign policy. But Hyman is Ted Kennedy's man. And when you are Ted Kennedy's man, you also are Bobby Kennedy's man. In replacing the Johnson defectors from the slate of delegates, Hyman carefully picked friends and relatives of the Kennedy family rather than other Johnson supporters or members of the local McCarthy organization.

Under tremendous pressure are other Massachusetts Democratic leaders who decided to stay on as delegates, who earlier had pledged undying support for the President, who for powerful reasons need the friendship of the man now in the White House, but who shudder at risking the vengeance of the Kennedys or of the Massachusetts voters who will be watching their every move on the convention floor.

Where does Boston's Mayor Kevin White go? Does he join the crusade—or does he stick with the President? His city must depend on the federal government for massive doses of federal aid if he is to successfully attack many of Boston's major problems. But will that aid be forthcoming if he deserts the man in the White House? White hopes to run for governor of Massachusetts in 1970. But so does Kenneth P. O'Donnell, one of the original handful who organized John Kennedy's convention nomination in 1960 and now a key aide to Bobby Kennedy. O'Donnell's close association with Bobby goes all the way back to Harvard's 1946 football team. No one doubts that if Bobby Kennedy is elected President, he will move to put Kenny O'Donnell in the governor's chair in Massachusetts. For Kevin White, this adds up to Step One in How to Cut Your Own Throat. Yet, how does White get off the hook? How will the Irish Catholics of Massachusetts react in 1970 to a Kevin White who "wasn't there when we needed him for Bobby?"

And what about former Massachusetts Gov. Endicott Peabody, who now is a member of the Johnson Administration, but who always has been identified with the Kennedy team? And State Treasurer Robert Q. Crane, a Johnson loyalist—and a Kennedy trooper—up to now? And House Speaker Robert H. Quinn, who easily fits the same description? And more . . . many, many more.

Where do they go? An attempt to stay neutral, won't be good enough. It won't be good enough for Johnson and it won't be good enough for the Kennedy brothers. In this dramatic, emotional struggle, there will be no neutral ground in Massachusetts.

During a big St. Patrick's Day corn beef and cabbage get-together for the politicians in South Boston, Mayor White cracked to the assemblage: "It's nice to see you smiling. It's the last time you're going to do it between now and the Democratic National Convention." Nobody laughed.

JOHN F. BATTLES

(John F. Battles, a life-long resident of Massachusetts, is a former political reporter for the Worcester Telegram.*)*

Spain Tightens Squeeze on Intellectuals

Alfonso Comin is an engineer, professor of sociology, author of a highly praised book on the underdevelopment of Andalusia, journalist and, according to *Le Monde,* "one of the most brilliant leaders of the young generation of Spanish Catholics." On January 23, Comin was sentenced to prison by the Tribunal of Public Order in Madrid.

Comin's crime can be found on page 4 of the January 26, 1967 issue of *Témoignage Chrétien,* the French left-wing Catholic weekly for which he writes regularly. There he reported a wave of arrests which followed the Spanish Constitutional referendum of December, 1966. He criticized the economic plan for failing to reform Spanish agriculture, and charged that the referendum had not respected elementary democratic procedure. All this, it seems, amounted to "illegal propaganda," offending Article 252 of Spain's Penal Code, which outlaws the "publication of false, distorted, and tendentious news or rumors with the intention of injuring the authority or prestige of the State." Comin has been sentenced to 16 months in jail—a day for every two words of his article!

This was not the first reprisal that Comin had suffered for his activities. In the spring of 1965, the government refused to renew his passport. Comin had finally taken the matter to court when—six months after his article appeared in *Témoignage Chrétien*—he was confronted with the new charges.

Numerous French and Spanish intellectuals came to his defense. Three Spanish bishops (Benavent of Malaga, Gonzalez of Barcelona and Rubio of Salamanca) sent him warm letters of support, a rather unusual occurrence for Spain. A discreet intervention with the Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See was attempted by the Vatican. The defense arranged for a number of Spanish, French

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and Italian intellectuals, including Georges Montaron, editor of *Témoignage Chrétien*, and Ruiz Jiminez, international president of Pax Romana, to testify in the Madrid court.

But neither the witnesses nor the letters were allowed to be heard at the trial. Comin told the judges: "I grew up in the period after the Spanish civil war, in the midst of a land of conquerors and conquered. I want my children to live in a Spain that is just and united. Finally, I am struggling so that what you now judge to be a crime of illegal propaganda may be recognized as a rightful exercise of free speech." His lawyer, however, refused to plead in the face of the court's refusal to hear the witnesses; he reserved his arguments for an appeal. The trial was over in half an hour.

Meanwhile, each day brings new reports of repression in Spain, including arrests and convictions of numerous priests. An issue of a Christian Democrat magazine was seized for running an article on "The Theory of the Opposition." The editor is under investigation and a legal charge has been placed against the author. The same thing happened when the bulletin of H.O.A.C., a Catholic workers' group, ran an article on "The Christian and the Revolution" by José Maria Gonzalez Ruiz, a well-known theologian.

Now, a new legal charge has been placed against Comin by the judge of the tribunal of public order in Madrid. This time it is for an article, "The Social Cost of Austerity," published in the Catholic magazine, *Dirigentes*. Comin's latest crime was to describe the social implications of Spain's current economic crisis. The issue of *Dirigentes* was seized and all copies destroyed. Comin is at liberty while his first conviction is being appealed, but the second charge against him will allow the Spanish government to jail him immediately if it wishes.

Americans might note how much the conviction of Comin, in a capital allied to the U.S., resembled certain better publicized cases in the U.S.S.R. The similarity was not lost upon *Témoignage Chrétien* which commented, recently, "The government of Madrid, like that of Moscow, cannot tolerate that its intellectuals proclaim the truth, report what they see, and say what their consciences dictate."

PETER STEINFELS

(Peter Steinfels is an associate editor of Commonweal *presently living in Paris.)*

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IMMACULATE HEART SISTERS

HEMLINES AND HUMBUG

At a recent press conference in Berkeley, California, Cardinal Leon Joseph Suenens was asked what worldwide ramifications he expected to see come out of the current efforts by the Immaculate Heart nuns to modernize against the wishes of the Archbishop of Los Angeles. Cardinal Suenens, who has written and lectured extensively on the role of the nun in the modern world, replied that he would prefer not to comment "on a specific situation."

At almost that same hour a long-awaited letter was being mailed from the Sacred Congregation for Religious in Rome to the Immaculate Heart motherhouse in Los Angeles telling the 575-member order to stop their experiments in modernization. The Congregation's letter makes it clear that men like Cardinal Suenens and others in the Church are going to have to take a stand on "a specific situation" if the letter and spirit of Vatican II are to have any meaning for religious.

Two lines in the Congregation's letter nearly invite this confrontation. In demanding a uniform habit for the IHMs, the letter states: "The use of lay clothes is not only against the above-mentioned Decree (*Perfectae Caritatis*), but violates Common Law and the prescriptions of the Motu Proprio *'Ecclesiae Sanctae* II,' par. 6, which states that: 'The General Chapter is empowered to modify on an experimental basis certain prescriptions of the Constitutions . . . provided that the purpose, *nature and characteristics of the Institute are preserved intact.*' The habit pertains to the nature and characteristics of any Institute for which it has been approved, and the interpretations given to the Sisters in this regard by certain so-called 'competent theologians' have absolutely no foundation, either doctrinal or juridical."

The Immaculate Heart nuns have already petitioned Pope Paul VI for "permission to live religious life as outlined in their own renewal documents and to continue experimentation as authorized in the Motu Proprio." But it may take more than just a petition. It may require that people like Cardinal Suenens, a known friend of the Institute, and other "competent theologians" throughout the world call on the Pope to stand by his pronouncements and those of the Council.

Some support for the IHM position has been developing within the Church since last August when 43 delegates held the Order's ninth general chapter meeting at the Montecito retreat house near Santa Barbara. There they unanimously adopted a carefully-prepared 58-page document which outlined a "new style of communal existence." The support has come from such diverse groups as the L.A. Association of Laymen, the newly-formed Conference of Major Superiors of Women Religious-Milwaukee (representing 58 communities), 30 members of

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the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary (with a Los Angeles nun acting as spokesman), ten Franciscan priests and brothers from Santa Barbara Mission, 13 Jesuit priests from Alma College (Los Gatos, Calif.), and another 28 Jesuits from Loyola University in L.A. The Loyola Jesuits were called into the chancery office after their statement became public and were berated for their "interference" by Cardinal James Francis McIntyre in what one priest described as a "frightening" display of anger.

It is clear from the type of encouragement the IHMs have thus far received that many religious look to the Congregation's decision as a "landmark" case. "If we're stopped," Sister Mary Mark, vice-president of Immaculate Heart College points out, "then we and other orders have been wasting time. There's not one thing we've done that is farther out than what other orders have done."

The Congregation's letter leaves two distinct impressions. The first is that although an "apostolic investigator" made two extended visits to the community and was thoroughly briefed on both the nature and intent of the experimentation, the letter appears to have been written before the investigation was completed. The second impression is that the author of the letter was extremely selective in the use of passages from the relevant Church documents and papal pronouncements concerning religious. "We were judged on one set of documents but we based our renewal on other documents or sections of the documents," Sister Mark adds.

It is ironic that despite the theological rhetoric used by the L.A. Chancery office in the IHM controversy, their initial and main quarrel seems to be simply whether clothes make the woman. The fact that the Immaculate Heart nuns have created such consternation within the chancery office by wanting to wear ordinary clothes in the 28 elementary and eight high schools they teach at in L.A. becomes even more puzzling when one considers the position of the Kentucky-based Sisters of Loretto who teach in five diocesan schools. That order has given their nuns the option of wearing either a habit or ordinary clothes. The L.A. nuns wear lay clothes, conservative in tone but without a uniform style, color, or identifying sign required.

Clothes, although discussed at length in the Congregation's directive to the IHMs, are not the only issue, however, for the letter also demands that the community return to attending Mass together each day, that they observe the Vatican's prescriptions of absolute obedience to the local Ordinary, and that they remain only in the educational field. Here is another contradiction. While the IHMs are told to stay in teaching, other orders, like the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondolet in St. Louis, were given approval in January to engage in social service, Newman Club, and adult education activities, in addition to their traditional work in hospitals and schools.

All this leads one to believe that the Sacred Congregation for Religious chose to yield to the rigid, conservative demand of the local Ordinary who has repeatedly refused to comment publicly on the entire situation. Meanwhile *The Tidings,* local archdiocesan newspaper, periodically has requested that the nuns give up their crusade and return to the fold "in the spirit of their past tradition."

Within the Order itself, life continues uninterrupted by the turmoil which surrounds them. At Immaculate Heart College, campus life seems serene; most of the students support the nuns, but they show little of the obvious tension that exists within the community. Plans continue to move forward to the fall of 1970 when the campus will move some 32 miles to Claremont College.

In the midst of preparing for this new beginning and at the same time attempting to continue their experiment in modernization, the Immaculate Heart nuns are seeking, in the words of their *Decree on Apostolic Works,* to be "faithful to the spirit of their founders as well to the promptings of Vatican II . . .

"1) to determine the most urgent social, economic, intellectual, and spiritual needs of the family of man; 2) to satisfy these needs insofar as they are within the aims and the spiritual and material resources of the Immaculate Heart Community; and 3) to provide the opportunity for each sister to experience her own fulfillment as a person by adequate preparation and continued education to meet these needs."

Or, as one member of the community recently told a Los Angeles writer, "we are in the middle of the city. We are two blocks from the Sunset Strip and a block from Hollywood Blvd. There are cars; there are sirens; and there's dust and smog. We are very much a part of the world, making it expand and making it tender. We're free here to do the things we like to do and it feels good."

A. V. KREBS, JR.

(A. V. Krebs, Jr., is a free-lance writer living in San Francisco.)

PROTEST

The case of the Immaculate Heart nuns, described in the foregoing article by A. V. Krebs Jr., is of particular importance in the post-conciliar efforts to reform religious communities. We urge all who are concerned to express their protest directly to the President of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops: Archbishop John F. Dearden, 1880 Wellesley Drive, Detroit, Michigan, 48203. It would be helpful if carbon copies of letters to Archbishop Dearden could be sent to the Botolph Group, 161 Newbury St., Boston, Massachusetts 02116, in order to provide an indication of the degree of support the Sisters have from the laity in America.

THE EDITORS

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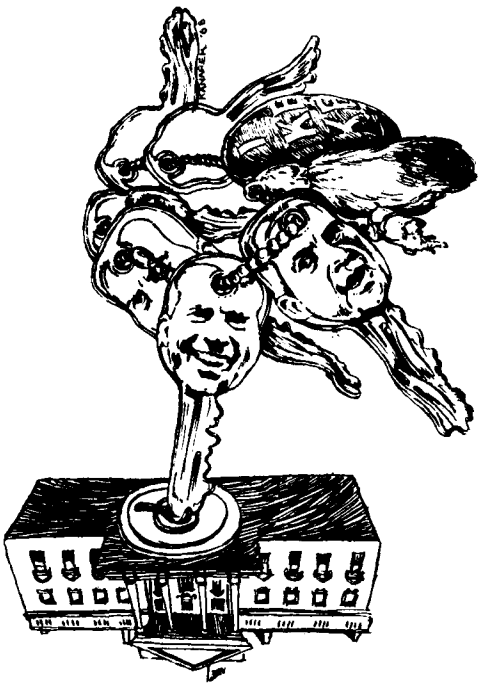

TRUE-BLUE DICK

ISIDORE SILVER

Richard Nixon may well become the next President of the United States. It seems almost incredible that a man who has been a private citizen for almost eight years and has not been elected in his own right since 1950 can still be regarded as a significant political figure. Yet, here he stands, immodestly offering to inflict himself upon us again.

It is difficult to conceive of Nixon existing anywhere outside a Lenny Bruce routine. Bruce once did a bit about a second-rate comic who bombed at the Palladium in London. The comic was eager, brash, insecure, and out of his league. At one point, to recapture the audience's wandering attention and to achieve stature by identifying himself with an important person, he made jokes about the house booker (standing off-stage), and then claimed, "Ha, ha we're great friends. Kid around a lot." The booker axed the comic that night. If any one thing can be said of Richard Nixon, it is that he has eagerly sought to please his house booker—Eisenhower—and has spent much of his political life removing ax marks from his back.

To understand Nixon we should carefully read his autobiography, *Six Crises*. It is the story of a humorless, insecure, frustrated scrambler after the American Dream. His life since the time discussed in the book seems to be merely a continuation of this melancholy quest—the disastrous 1962 press conference, after he lost the gubernatorial race in California, the lurch to New York, the continual oozing of political platitudes. Apparently Nixon has failed to find a meaningful second act to follow up his smash debut on the political stage.

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Nixon is the eternal, American boy scout, and his book reflects it. At dinner one night he "had the honor of sitting by Mrs. Eisenhower." He told John F. Kennedy that he wrote his autobiography in order to join "the literary ranks, of which he [Kennedy] himself is so distinguished a member." (Typically, Kennedy answered that all political men should write books because it would look good to the electorate, a bit of cynicism apparently unnoticed by Nixon.) No wonder Richard Nixon is one of the few men in public life mimicked by Lyndon Johnson.

Like the good boy scout, Nixon always obeys the scoutmaster. When the 1952 fund scandal broke and Ike hadn't contacted him for two days, he felt "like the little boy caught with jam on his face." Nevertheless, he was grateful when Ike, the "great leader" tossed him a few words of inspiration: "Good luck and keep your chin up." "That's my boy." Occasionally, a slight caveat creeps into the narrative: "But one of Eisenhower's most notable characteristics is that he is not a man to be rushed on important decisions." Or, "He was a far more complex and devious man than most people realized, and in the best sense of these words." But finally, the rousing cheer (the closing lines of the Checkers' speech): "And, remember, folks, Eisenhower is a great man. Folks, he is a great man, and a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for what is good for America."

Since the good boy scout learns from everyone, Nixon had other hero figures. Christian Herter was a man "for whom I had developed great respect and admiration." John Foster Dulles and Whittaker Chambers are included in the Pantheon. Nixon's relationship to them is not just that of student and teacher; no sir, they talked with—not only to—him. Describing Dulles' habit of pacing about the room while conversing, Nixon says, "It was a

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characteristic that I was to see many times in the years ahead when we discussed important issues." (He never says what those issues were.) And then, the dénouement, a conversation with de Gaulle, where the great man "quoted the Greek poet, Sophocles. . . ."

He also identifies with his heroes (and occasionally even villains). Of Whittaker Chambers, he says: "Like most men of quality, he made a deeper impression personally than he did in public." And, "Hiss was learning what many people in politics have learned before him, those he thought were his best friends turned out to be the heaviest cross he had to bear." About whom could Nixon have been thinking?

On the whole, however, *Six Crises* is so modest that it skews toward the banal. Communism is a "Liberal heresy." Ike's warm advice during the fund scandal was to "Always take your job, but never yourself seriously." His constant discussions with advisors are ludicrous and stilted: "Dick, you must do this because millions of Americans are depending on you"—not an exact quote, but the kind of pap regularly burbled in his group-think sessions.

Important events are touched by the mundane and vice-versa. While staying at Attorney General Rogers' house during the crisis of Ike's heart attack, Nixon conferred with Administration officials on a "wall-type telephone" "which proved to be particularly incompatible for the amount of telephoning I had to do during the night." After he lost the presidential election, he tells us: "I determined that I would try to conduct myself in such a way that even those who had been most bitterly opposed to me would find nothing to criticize. . . . I realized what I said and did in the next few days would be observed closely, all over the world."

His political judgments are insipid. "The Eisenhower legislative record was as good if not better than that of any President." "Perhaps even in the Communist empire there is a ray of hope for peaceful change." "Despite the temporary successes of dictators, it is the ultimate destiny of man to be free." Nixon's political philosophy is simply non-existent.

Yet Nixon's book is more than just a collection of dreary, banal personal experiences, inevitably magnified in the mind of the author. It has a mythic quality, though of a different order than that intended. Nixon has styled his theme to be the nature of crisis and reaction to crisis, but the crises he concentrates on are always personal. This is not a memoir of a public man, a Churchill whose crises parallel those of his people. Nixon tries to extract and understand his reactions and to universalize them, always a dubious proposition. He tries to demonstrate that he invariably remains cool under fire (although occasionally, in private, he blows up) and, inevitably, he quotes Kipling—"If you can keep your head while all about you . . ."

But the reality is slightly less Gothic. To list his "kitchen debate" with Krushchev as a crisis stretches the meaning of that beleaguered term almost to infinity. Even if Nixon had let himself go under the provocation of Mr. K's thrusts, one doubts whether Destiny would have changed much. After all, Khrushchev didn't declare war after Susskind berated him. Indeed, the whole book has a hyperbolic air. For instance, Nixon actually believes that the fund scandal was a significant historical event—"But

more important I believed that what I did would affect the future of my country and the cause of peace and freedom for the world."

The true mythic quality of both the book and Nixon's life is, of course, the American Dream. Just as Jay Gatsby interests us not for what he was but because of what he represented, so are we fascinated by Richard Nixon. In discussing the 1960 campaign, Nixon refers to his own humble origins and the almost insuperable burden faced by an ambitious American lacking wealth or background. He disputes the legend that Americans dream of becoming President, that they are trained by powerful families for the post, and that their lives are lived in contemplation of the magic goal. Obviously, he is disputing the viability of the Kennedy myth, but the Kennedy myth became reality, while Nixon's myth—that the Presidency is a reward for hard work, ambition, and devotion to party—came to nothing.

As Gatsby worked to achieve eminence without unusual talent, so did Nixon. "I won my share of scholarships . . . not because I was smarter but because I worked longer and harder than some of my more gifted colleagues." As Gatsby rose from an obscure lower middle-class background to fame, so did Nixon. As Gatsby, for all of the ugliness of the way he rose, remained essentially an innocent, so does Nixon. *Six Crises* depicts not an end to innocence but a continuation of innocence through adult life. We do not see "Tricky Dicky" slyly maligning his political enemies and taking unprincipled and contradictory public positions, but rather a man of integrity, forced to make political compromises he disliked, a hatchet man who abhors the hatchet, a politician who could say (after the first Kennedy debate), "I had concentrated too much on substance and not enough on appearance."

Nixon regrets that his public image does not quite reflect the inner truth of his life. Of the lugubrious "Check-

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ers" speech he intones, "I said it from the heart." About an earlier dilemma, he explains "Yet I could not go against my own conscience . . ." in believing that Hiss not Chambers, was the perjurer (although that particular question was not a matter of conscience, but of simple fact). He obliquely blames his political superiors, his enemies and a world full of snares and traps for obscuring his true worth. If only he had become President, the "real" Nixon would have emerged.

As Nixon sees it, a series of betrayals by those with power or influence forced him to make demeaning compromises. Therefore, he is profoundly grateful to Whittaker Chambers for not betraying him and for backing up his allegations against Alger Hiss with proof. Indeed, some of the most noted public figures of American life have betrayed Nixon: Rockefeller (by attacking him personally prior to the 1960 Republican primaries), Eisenhower (by constantly demeaning him—Ike, he says, "tended to make a visitor feel like a Junior officer coming in to see the Commanding General"), Kennedy (by attacking Eisenhower in 1960 for alleged softness on Castro despite knowledge of the impending Cuban invasion). On the other hand, an experienced politican would say that Nixon was not betrayed so much as "used."

In the face of the omnipresent threat to his political—and by inference—personal life, Nixon maintains a stoic calm. He did not give in to the constant provocations by others. He prides himself on the "ability to keep coldly objective when emotions are running high" (during the fund scandal, for example, when Ike asked him to submit his resignation). He does not "blast" Kennedy for knowingly misrepresenting the Cuban situation, because of the National Interest. He sits stoically through several Khrushchev temper tantrums, always aware that the eyes of the world are upon him. When trapped, though, he fights back. "Instinctively I knew I had to counter attack. You cannot win a battle in any arena of life merely by defending yourself." Invective is reserved for "Communist thugs." How wearying it all must have been!

The Need for Reassurance

Several years ago, a Broadway play starring Robert Preston depicted a producer so unsure of his judgment that he constantly sought reassurance from others (including a twelve-year-old niece). Nixon's search for reassurance is Ulyssean in scope. In Peru, after a Communist demonstration, and a monumental show of Nixonian patience, he reports that "When the press conference ended, the Peruvian reporters stood and applauded." Perhaps half of America's journalists and politicians appear throughout the book to praise the author for his restraint and statesmanship.

After reading *Six Crises* and observing the seventh, eighth (and who knows how many more, for his whole life appears to be one continuous crisis), one can only muse at the sadness and unfulfillment of a life which has been far from dull. One wonders, did he enjoy any of it? Did he ever tell anybody off (except journalists)? Did he ever stop to think of the alternatives? Nixon is an intelligent, ambitious man. He might have arrived at his Wall Street law firm on his own. Why should crisis "engage all a man's talents"? Why shouldn't life itself be an engagement of talents? Why is "courage . . . a result of discipline"? Why not a result of audacity? Why be sycophantic? Is the game worth the candle?

Nixon rose to fame largely as a result of accident. He ran against Jerry Voorhis for Congress in 1946 simply because (a) it seemed like a good idea and (b) there was nobody else. He happened to be in the right place (the House Un-American Activities Committee) at the right time (when the New Deal was put on trial by a weary and suspicious public), and was exceedingly lucky in staking his reputation on Whittaker Chambers. Although he may have suspected that he was in line for better things, it was true (as he states) that he went to the 1952 Republican convention without a dark suit. He was the first Vice President who managed to achieve an independent reputation, but he did so largely because of Eisenhower's non-political stance. Like Jay Gatsby, Nixon was superficially a very successful and very lucky man.

At some point during his meteoric rise, Nixon decides, like Gatsby, that he wants something more. He wants to possess the Myth, not the true love of Daisy Buchanan, but the Presidency. Just as Gatsby seeks to show the folks back home that he has become something, Nixon finds his proudest moment to be his return to Whittier as a potential Vice President. "One of the biggest thrills for one of being a candidate for Vice-President was to return home and finally get a chance to stand in the middle of the Field, after having warmed the bench for four years in college." During the fund scandal, he is buoyed by the knowledge that Whittier stands behind him.

It would appear that Nixon's feverish rowing efforts have brought him closer to his Green Light than Gatsby ever got. Yet, the circumstances of American politics and the machinations of political kingmakers may yet deny him fulfillment. His favorite enemy, Nelson Rockefeller, glides sylph-like through the shadows of the Republican house of ghosts waiting for a signal. Eisenhower, now to be symbolically united to Nixon by marriage of descendants, has been making noises about Republicans not stringing along with losers. The Republican Establishment may yet decide that Dick just doesn't measure up. Nixon's friends have been vastly more influential than his enemies in thwarting his aspirations in the past, and they may continue to be so in the future.

Despite Nixon's universal respect for almost every dignified Republican, his heart really belongs to Harry Truman, ostensibly a sworn political enemy. Truman had to fight for his recognition and met *his* crises with courage and resolution. Nixon understands him well. The scrappy

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Truman is Lyndon Johnson's favorite political hero, too, because he confounded the experts and routed the doubters. Both Nixon and Johnson represent the failure of yet another aspect of the American Dream—the myth that a politician can be both lovable and effective.

Given these circumstances, what kind of President would Nixon be? Men change in the Presidency (and often revert to their old selves once out of office—e.g., Eisenhower's hawkishness and Truman's petulance), but some cautious forecasts are possible. Nixon is insecure, image-ridden and puppyish in his desire to be liked. Probably, he would combine caution in foreign policy with breathtaking inaction domestically. None of his published writings or ponderous utterances suggests that he understands the domestic problems of mid-twentieth century America. In sum, he would use American power much the way Eisenhower did—overtly when the stakes were not high (the Lebanese crisis) and modestly when they were. Despite his ideological anti-Communism (he is a dedicated pupil of John Foster Dulles), Nixon's moral fervor on that issue appears to be as evanescent as most of his other ideals. Most likely, he would be as inadequate to the challenges of our time as Ike was to the problems of the '50s.

America's capacity to make a religion out of almost anything

PIAGET AS GOD

ROBERT COLES

Psychology and psychiatry continue to reign supreme. They are part and parcel of our unashamedly pagan climate, our "upper middle-class Western intellectual world," as it is sometimes called in one knowing swoop. There is nothing else, there can be nothing else, but *further* explorations deeper into the unconscious or higher into the sky or faster over land. We do not want salvation or redemption or damnation. We want "meaning" (better, "creative meaning"). *We,* of course, are the thousands of well-fed, well-educated, practical but sincere American citizens, who ponder issues, decide among "positions," and in general consider the world a difficult place, all right, but by no means an impossible one—to understand, to live in, to take very seriously, to change in all those ways, "significantly" or "basically" or "permanently." One might go on to suspect that Freud—so stubbornly and blindly unfriendly to religion—distrusted America because he knew that even he would not escape America's capacity (its "need" as it is put today) to make a religion out of almost anything, and most assuredly out of psychoanalytic psychiatry.

Unfortunately for them, secular religions don't last very long. One follows another, and each time the heady, exuberant period of discovery has to give way before the inevitable disenchantment that comes when—the next seer arrives on the scene. It makes no difference how "valid" and worthwhile the "old" ideas are. When knowledge becomes a sacred object, the man who has set the knowledge forth becomes a god; and perhaps Western intellectuals are still Jewish enough, still Christian enough, to be able to accept only one god at a time. Each seer, then, has his moment. All eyes are on him. Criticism becomes strangely muted—sometimes (as in Christian history) after an initial period of public scorn and disbelief. Soon disciples appear: they have worked with the Man; they and they alone misunderstand Him; He trained them; He was their friend, their "master," as Hans Sachs —a grown-up man—called Sigmund Freud.

In some cases institutions emerge, places where His thought is studied, where men are "admitted" to do that study. In other instances the Man exerts His influence less formally but no less effectively. The ideas of other men are made to pass the muster of His name, whether those men wish it to happen or not, whether in fact they have read a word of His or not. They become Marxists, Freudians, Jungians; or they become followers of Lévi-Strauss, members of Piaget's "school." And the followers and disciples fight one another with missionary passion and zeal. A particular truth is not something known, a vision that for the moment works, that for a while makes things clearer, lends them a certain order. A truth is considered *the* Truth; it must be fiercely possessed, pitted against other truths, made an adversary, a combatant, a commanding source of loyalty. And I suppose it has to be asked: on a lonely planet, full of every conceivable kind of injustice, rampant with murder and hunger and brutality (among the well-educated and "civilized," too), why not worship this Man, that Idea? It is only a second we are here, and surely we deserve Someone, Something near, tangible, concrete, specific, explicitly promising.

All of this I have to say before I discuss the work of Jean Piaget—whose ideas the interested American reader can now find pinpointed in the book, *Six Psychological*

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Studies (Random House, $4.95), essays collected and published in English for the first time. I do so in no way to accuse Piaget or Freud or anyone else. No gifted thinker can escape the effects of what are in fact two universal, utterly common sins, the wish to be God, and failing that, the desire to make a God, find One that others don't yet know. For that matter, even if Freud and Piaget *were* Gods, the idolatrous excesses of their worshipers could not be prevented, as anyone who has studied the history of the various religions well knows. In any event, neither Freud nor Piaget deserves the "treatment" he has received from the "public"—a treatment that in Piaget's case is perhaps on the ascendancy even as Freud's "influence" wanes. (All of which may be a very good thing for Freud and his ideas, a very poor one for Piaget and his.)

Intelligence and Environment

Before we mention the various *uses* to which Piaget is now being put, we had best look at what the man has actually tried to do. Like Freud, he has been an incredibly prolific man, a brilliant observer and a leader around whom followers themselves gifted have gathered. He was born in Neuchatel, Switzerland, some 200 miles northeast of Geneva, where he has lived and worked for many years. His first interest was in zoology—later extended to natural science and philosophy, in both of which he received doctorates. He has never really abandoned those interests, even though he is now best known by teachers and child psychologists. He evidently considers himself an epistemologist—of a certain kind. He has wanted to document the way man, a physical being, acquires knowledge, starting at birth and moving up the years. He has championed direct observation of children, rather than (what some psychoanalysts cling to) retrospective statements about childhood based on the fantasies and memories of adults who are patients. He has insisted upon a genetic and developmental view of knowledge: we learn about the world by having concrete experiences with it; and the more of those experiences we have, the more we know, the more "real" is our contact as individuals with the environment. He has been much concerned with intelligence, and with his associates has published some 200 studies on the psychology of intelligence, including over 20 books and many monographs. The titles of his books give some clue to his interests: *The Language and Thought of the Child, Judgement and Reasoning in the Child, The Child's Conception of the World, The Child's Conception of Physical Causality, The Moral Judgement of the Child, The Origins of Intelligence in Children, and* his grand *L'Epistémologie Génétique*.

The six essays in Piaget's new book are meant to give a glimmer of what he has been trying to demonstrate, and despite the fact that like all of his work, the essays seem preoccupied with children, learning and intelligence, it is safe to say that the "heart of the matter" is elsewhere, in the exquisite tension that a biologically-minded philosopher finds between the *inside* of man's thoughts and fantasies and the *outside* of man's physical surroundings and social atmosphere. In this sense Piaget is exactly like Freud—who also started out as a biologist, a neurophysiologist to be exact, and who also saw his later psychological interests as part of a much wider and more ambitious pursuit (a philosophical one, even though he shunned the word because he wanted to be "scientific"). Neither man has allowed himself to forget that the mind is part of the body—and if that seems like the purest and most evident kind of common sense, it is a common sense that many psychologists and psychiatrists have long since forgotten or transcended.

To Freud, man is driven by inborn instincts. To Piaget, man from his first day on this earth has "inborn reflex mechanisms" which progressively and relentlessly emerge and then become integrated, one to another, in the face of experience after experience. The baby meets up with an object or an event or a person behaving in a particular way, and step-by-step the reflexes in the child come to terms with what happens outside him. The development of intelligence itself is a part of man's biological adaptation to the environment—though once man has *become* intelligent, has learned how to deal with objects, has learned about space and time and causality and logic, he has apparently set something else going: "Intelligence constitutes an organizing activity whose functioning extends that of the biological organization while surpassing it due to the elaboration of new structures."

The word "structures" leaps out at us today, even though Piaget wrote it in 1936. Suddenly Lévi-Strauss and Structuralism have become topical, influential, important. I suppose we can certainly call Piaget a structuralist by the definition Lévi-Strauss offers: "Structuralism is the search for unsuspected harmonies. It is the discovery of a system of relations latent in a series of objects." More than that, structuralism asserts above all that man's actions are lawful; they can be comprehended precisely given enough time and effort and intelligence; they can be described and classified because they make sense, no matter how arbitrary, irrational, impulsive, wanton, inexplicable they seem.

Certainly Piaget has faith that a substantial part of man's thinking is constant and describable. More than that, he finds that some psychological events transcend culture, history, everything except their own persistent appearance. That is, ideas held by the ancient Greeks or Chinese depend upon assumptions that modern children can be observed learning for themselves—assumptions about density, space, time and so on. Yes, Piaget sees the environment causing us to change (he calls it "accommodation") and he also sees us making changes in things as we deal with them ("assimilation"); but his chief concern is with processes that relatively ignore not only so-

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cial, cultural or economic influences, but even emotional ones. That is, regardless of my endless hang-ups, I developed (from childhood into adolescence, in ways described by Piaget) certain approaches to "life" and its "challenges." I learned, for instance, that things thrown up fall down, that things of one size contain more (or less) than things of another size. Today I may know such "facts" so well that I don't stop and think about what I know, or don't even consider what I know to be "knowledge"; but so it is—as any mother knows who watches her children slowly and sometimes painfully learn answers, ask interminable "why's," and go on to "master" the playroom, the backyard, and finally one grade's work after another in school. (Piaget learned an enormous amount from "simply" watching his three children grow up.)

Emphasis on the Normal

Now, what have Piaget's *ideas* to do with the recent *attention* he has been receiving on this side of the Atlantic? If one goes through his new book one finds a good deal of his ideas about intelligence, about the mental development of the child, about the development of thinking and its relationship to language. To some, however, his ideas are a mere foil; they are meant to be used for quite other reasons than Piaget ever had in mind. Like Freud, he is being summoned and used as an ideological spokesman (sometimes against Freud). If I find psychoanalysis too clinical, too preoccupied with the abnormal, too interested in the emotional, the unconscious, the "goings-on" between people—well, I can turn elsewhere. I can turn to Piaget and his emphasis on normal development, on the cognitive, on man the developing *thinker* rather than man the universal neurotic, on psychological events that take place as the child grows *older,* rather than as the child gets more and more intricately involved with his mother and his father. And if Freud is not the bothersome one, but rather Sartre, there is the structuralist side of Piaget to hurl against the existentialism that—like psychoanalysis—has after all been around and dominant so long, so very long. (Twenty years is it, or twenty-five?) Never mind that Freud also built his structures, "agencies" he called them, the Id, Ego, and Super-Ego. Never mind that Sartre's existentialism is in search of the same "harmonies" and "laws" that either Lévi-Strauss or Piaget seeks, though in comparison with them the "areas" he chooses to examine and the methods he uses are indeed different—as Freud's were, as Piaget's are in contrast to those of Lévi-Strauss.

So, the struggle goes on, as it always has, between logic and emotion, between men like Aquinas and men like Augustine, with all sorts of innocent and not-so-innocent "investigators" (like Freud and Piaget) becoming participants—willingly or against their wills. Systems are hurled against systems, and even within a particular man's system, ideas are emphasized and others totally ignored—to fit the needs of the person and the historical "time." We need to simplify even our most complicated ideas; and even the most complicated of our thinkers are not above simple, direct insults and shouting matches in which their own ideas and the ideas of their enemies are given a bare, stark, polemical form—as the contemporary conflicts between Lévi-Strauss and Sartre, or the one worked up by various "followers" of Freud and Piaget both illustrate.

In Piaget's case one can be sure that he is rather indifferent to such developments—because his passion has been to understand how man gets, finally, the intellectual ability, the *knowledge,* that enables him to foster those developments: to wage his ideological wars, to formulate laws and conceptualize "existentialist encounters" or "emotional conflicts," to be Piaget or Freud or whomever, to seek after God, and, alas, to confuse Him with a mirror-image of man or with a given century's facts and technology. Perhaps Piaget *really has* escaped the wars that the rest of us cannot escape, even though plenty of people are trying to use him in their various struggles. After all, he can say that he merely wants to know how we came to know—that he is content to let those who *do* know, who claim to know Something or Somebody, continue their fighting and squabbling and wrangling, "world without end."

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JOANNE MC EVILLEY CHILDERS

AESTHETICS

Not over-pink or green the rows
Of pear trees quite unlike Van Gogh's
Are thin and of a mist.

Between two leaves there blooms a bloom
And I regard it minus doom
And very real it is.

I walk down rows along the path
Excepting Vincent. Here is truth
In foliage green and pink.

It does not stand against the sky
In colors I would falsify
By what I think.

Excepting paintings on the walls
By lunatics from drafty halls
Of mad-house row,

I state a fact. But branches tremble
Should my lucid words dissemble
I panic as Van Gogh.

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A Protestant Viewpoint

DECALOGUE AND DIALOGUE

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

There is a story about a Navy chaplain who preached a series of sermons on the Ten Commandments. Each Sunday a huge seaman returned, exhibiting a kind of fatal fascination with the subject matter, though it was apparent as the weeks rolled on, that a devastating exposé of all of his particular shortcomings was being offered to the general public. At the end of the series he was observed sitting crestfallen in the front row after the benediction, still absorbing the cumulative impact of the last series of "Thou shalt not's." Finally, however, he brightened, turned to his companion and said, "Well, geez, at least I never made no graven image."

The actual fact, of course, is that the prohibition of graven images, when translated into the idiom of contemporary idolatries, whether social, national or economic, is the commandment that all of us, the sailor included, trangress most frequently. It may be appropriate, therefore, to take another look at the ten commandments as translated for an age of *aggiornamento*, applying their over-all concerns to the specifics of ecumenical renewal. (Just to indicate that I have my own graven images, I will perversely stick to the Protestant numbering.)

1. *Thou shalt worship neither Gommar de Pauw nor James Kavanaugh.* (Thou shalt have no other gods before me.) The danger in a time of ecumenical change is to put all one's theological or ecclesiological eggs in a single basket, to settle on some part of the whole task of renewal and elevate it to a place of ultimacy. For some people, change has become the new god, for others stability. Some feel that everything hinges on recovering a Latin canon, or "avoiding Protestantizing tendencies," while others pin their hopes for the future on the number of inches the nuns' hemlines can be raised. In such attitudes, there is a great danger that priorities will be lost or reversed. Surely the criterion in a time of change must be: whatever enhances the relevance and reality of Christ may remain, whatever threatens it must go.

2. *Thou shalt not equate God's will with the "good old days."* (Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.) The second commandment is trying to preserve "the Godness of God." He cannot be reduced to concepts or systems, however much we may need both concepts or systems at some point in our reflection about him. "Trent" can become a graven image, if an attempt is made to transfer it uncritically and unimaginatively from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. "St. Thomas" can become a graven image, as Cardinal Léger warned at the Council in a speech against "theological immobilism." "How the former pastor did things" can become not only a graven image, but a millstone around the neck of the new pastor. Taking the second commandment seriously does not mean jettisoning the whole past, but it does mean recognizing that in a human and even sinful institution the past carries its own liabilities as well as its own liberations.

3. *Thou shalt remember that neither the National Catholic Reporter nor Bill Buckley speaks ex cathedra.* (Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.) The great temptation in a time of updating is to assume that one's own program of *aggiornamento* is the only one of which God approves. This makes it very easy to see the shortcomings in the proposals of someone at the opposite end of the spectrum, and singularly hard to apply the same measure of critical insights to one's own proposals, which, because of their obviously superior wisdom, must certainly have the unambiguous stamp of divine approval upon them. Transgression of the third commandment therefore closes off discussion, debate, dialogue, and all the other gifts that the new situation has given us.

4. *Thou shalt relate thy worship to thy work.* (Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.) In a time of changing attitudes toward the church and the world, and even toward worship itself, it is important to keep our ongoing life grounded in worship. New concepts, new structures, will become increasingly sterile if they are not informed by liturgy. But this means a broader understanding of *leitourgia* than we usually employ. It means a return to its root meaning as "the people's work" (*laos* plus *ergos*), wherever they are. All activity is liturgy, and we impoverish the word if we take it to mean only what they do "in church." There is thus a natural progression from *De Sacra Liturgia*, in the more technical sense of the word, in Vatican II, the topic with which the council opened, to *Gaudium et Spes* ("The Church in the Modern World"), the topic with which it closed. Renewal, change, updating, will all become bankrupt unless they are seen in the context of liturgy, understood not only as what we do before the altar, but also as what we do in the marketplace.

ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN, *Professor of Religion at Stanford University, writes a regular column for these pages.*

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5. *Thou shalt not sell tradition short, but thou shalt not let it throttle thine initiative.* (Honor thy father and thy mother.) Tradition is to provide depth and direction, but it is not to be the dead hand of the past over the living present. The heritage is crucial to a historical religion, but the heritage needs to be reshaped and rethought, not discarded or deified. Part of the task of a child in relation to father and mother is to become free of them, so that he can live responsibly and not over-dependently, after which a new and even more creative relationship with father and mother can be established.

The way to honor the past is not necessarily to repeat the words of the past, but to say, in effect, "How can what was being said relevantly then, be said relevantly now?" It is unlikely that if St. Thomas were living today he would build his system on Aristotle. The intellectual situation of his time called for a decision about Aristotle. But the thirteenth century is not our situation, nor is Aristotle our problem. It is an interesting exercise to speculate on what starting point St. Thomas might choose today (Camus? Brecht? Heidegger?), but it is at least clear that he would adapt his mode of presentation to fit the intellectual situation of the time. Perhaps the problems of our era are not centered around the philosophy of a given man or a given school. Perhaps they are centered around the problems of food, or freedom, or poverty, or hope. The point is simply that we need to bring all the resources of the tradition to bear on new kinds of problems, presented in our day with an almost unbearable intensity, and not be satisfied with answers to past questions that people are no longer really asking.

6. *Thou shalt not let thy polemics cease to be godly.* (Thou shalt not kill.) The new era of ecumenical goodwill must not become an era of ecumenical euphoria in which differences are ignored and problems are swept under the rug simply for the sake of smiles. There is always need for polemics, for sharp stating of the issues, for willingness to set our differences as clearly and incisively as possible. But the polemics in our day must be aimed at something more than scoring points against an opponent; they must be aimed at a breakthrough to a higher understanding of the truth. Our separated traditions have at certain crucial points both been deficient, and we must learn from one another how to come to a higher possession of the truth than either of us had separately. The task of dialogue is not annihilation but mutual understanding. As the issues get more clearly defined, however, there is always the danger of succumbing to the temptation of theological overkill. (I recently overheard the consoling comment offered to a distraught modern Catholic, "Cheer up. A church that once persecuted Protestants can't be all bad." It didn't help.) It is the intent that counts in responding to the sixth commandment: are your polemics aimed at winning a debate or sharing more of the truth?

7. *Thou shalt honor the convictions of those with whom thou dost disagree,* or, *Thou shalt not tempt another into faithlessness.* (Thou shalt not commit adultery.) How would one describe ecumenical adultery? Would it not be the temptation to seduce another, by false promises, to forsake that to which the other felt called in loyalty and commitment? The Protestant may be tempted to urge the priest disturbed by the celibacy crisis to leave the priesthood and the church. The Catholic may be tempted to offer the confused Protestant the haven and sanctuary of a church that is not hung up on issues of petty moralism that often beset Protestant denominational life. In either case there is the likelihood of a genuine violation of the personhood of the other, by manipulating that person in a time of crisis into making a decision that might not be free and responsible.

8. *Thou shalt not use ecumenism as a soft-sell for conversion.* (Thou shalt not steal.) There is an important difference between ecumenism and conversion, a difference that still escapes some of those involved in the ecumenical movement. Ecumenism is the seeking of greater understanding, the working out of differences, the clarification of shared convictions, and the possibility of common work together at all points where central convictions do not force us to work separately. Ecumenism presupposes that (in however defective a sense) we are already one, as members of the holy catholic church. The credentials each possesses may seem less than fully adequate to the other, but the task is to make more manifest the unity that is already there and that has been hidden and distorted by our sin. Thus our ecumenical stance is not the stance of trying to nab converts from one another, or engaging in modern forms of ecclesiastical gun-notching. It is the stance of helping each realize the best of his own heritage in the light of help given by the other heritage, so that rather than one returning to the other, each is drawn out of a divisive past toward an increasingly united future. The shape of the future is not known, but the Holy Spirit can be counted upon to cope with such efforts.

9. *Thou shalt see thine ecumenical counterpart in his best rather than his worst light.* (Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.) This is actually beginning to happen. On Reformation Sunday services, we now hear Protestants describing how Luther was really a good Catholic, and hear Catholics telling us that things were so bad in the late medieval church that Luther virtually had to leave in order to save the church. Each in a sense is right, and each appears to be reading a script until recently in the possession of the other. It is gain when we can begin to see our counterpart's strengths and our own weaknesses. It is the oversimplifications that play havoc here. Many Protestants still talk about the Catholic *worship* of Mary, while Catholics can still be found who insist that Protestantism is a matter of believing whatever one pleases. Neither side takes seriously enough the presence of integrity in the viewpoint of the other.

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Suggested paraphrase of commandment 9, with built-in remedy for the problem: *Thou shalt learn Dutch.*

10. *Thou shalt not assume that the grass is always greener on the other side,* or *Thou shalt not become a Presbyterian, at least not yet.* (Thou shalt not covet.)

In times of great upheaval there is always a tendency to assume wistfully that things must be better elsewhere. But the task today is to stay in that part of the Christian church where God has put us, until such time as it would seem a sin for us to remain there. That time comes for some. It clearly came for Charles Davis, and it occasionally comes to less publicized individuals within Protestant communities. But it is important to remember that however knotty the problems may seem in one's own community of faith, there are problems of equal if not greater magnitude in every other community of faith. We sometimes romanticize about what it might be like without this provincial general or that district superintendent, making decisions free of the iron hand of this bishop or that presbytery. The choice to leave, of course, must always be the individual's choice, and all that can be urged upon the individual is that such a choice, if it comes, must always be the *last* choice and never the first or even intermediate choice. Until one is fully persuaded that he cannot produce reform from within, he is obligated to keep working for reform from within. If for him that has become impossible, or if the burdens of the task are such that personhood is being destroyed, then a new set of issues is raised, concerning the resolution of which the outsider can only remember another commandment: *Judge not.* We can only hope and pray that reform from within can proceed with enough dispatch so that good and dedicated people will be saved rather than crushed in the process.

CATHERINE MURRAY

OF LILACS

The lilac trees of my youth
have been blooming, and growing;
now they are in a wooded February sleep
outside the window of my poem.
(They were ivory and fragile, the flowers,
when I lived in that first house,
and afterwards, next to the porch,
they grew in lavender profusion.)

Lilacs would tap the waters of the earth
to be born again. The flower
and strong heart-shaped leaf
wait in the winter tree; Spring
moves in its old branches;
there is the remembered perfume of flowers.

EARLY VERDI

MUSIC

"Historical interest" is a dreaded virtue in any work of art, since any work that is said to possess it often possesses no interest of any other kind. Precisely this virtue has been claimed for the early operas of Verdi by those who persist in reviving them. The cut-off date for "early" in Verdi's case is 1851, when he proved in *Rigoletto* that he could enliven the stilted formalities of opera with a full evening's worth of dramatically viable melody. "Before 1851—what?" is the question that the revivalists feel must be answered. I'd like to ask another: since I am a man who doesn't care to spend an evening listening to anything that doesn't have "operatic interest"—that is, music that heightens and advances a plot instead of merely decorating or sugarcoating it—why persist in reviving several works when the finest arias, ensembles and overtures from all combined would be just enough for a couple of gala, all-star concerts, "Highlights from Early Verdi" or "Young Verdi's Greatest Hits"?

This splendid query is addressed to The American Opera Society, which earlier this year assembled one of its louder casts for a thunderous concert performance in Carnegie Hall of *Alzira* (1845), and to the Metropolitan Opera, which even more recently was delivered of a lavish revival of *Luisa Miller* (1849). Incidentally, five other operas were also tossed off during these four years, when Verdi seemed to be compensating in sheer musical fecundity for his tolerance of unlikely and outrageous libretti.

Alzira was said to be derived from a play of Voltaire! It turned out to be a chronicle of a week or so of exceptional confusion during Pizarro's conquest of Peru, with a conquistador and an Inca chieftain as rivals for the dusky princess, Alzira (a sort of pre-Columbian Aida). Crises tended to erupt onstage and resolve themselves during the entr'actes or in the wings and often by providential coincidence, as when the Inca army marched on Lima a few bars before the chieftain got himself captured deep within the walls of the Governor's Palace. The one thing done onstage offered a foretaste of *A Masked Ball*: the chieftain stabbed the conquistador during his wedding to Alzira but the conquistador, in keeping with the well-known tradition of Hispano-Indian fellowship in the New World, not only forgave his murderer with his dying aria but passed Alzira along to him.

"Really ugly," old Verdi is supposed to have said about *Alzira*. "Idiotic" seems a better adjective since, amid stretches of bouncy formula-writing and fierce vocal demands, there were strands of mood-enhancing melody and orchestration, a couple of robust ensembles, and—practically a Verdi trademark—a fine father-daughter

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duet. Yet a full evening's gratification? No. Hiring that valiant, vigorous conductor Jonel Perlea was the only decision about this enterprise the American Opera Society needn't regret.

Luisa Miller was said to be derived from Schiller. It had the possibly inescapable advantage of being far more advanced than *Alzira*, yet again the libretto could make you shake your head right off your shoulders. Now our heroine was a peasant lass in a Tyrolian village that seemed to have been recently ravaged by myopia. No one had noticed that Luisa's lover was really the count's son though, surely, he had been seen in the neighborhood at least once before. He loved her, though, and he brought Act I to a triumphant conclusion by threatening to reveal that his father had *murdered* his way to power if his father made good his threat to arrest Luisa's father. Trembling, the count backed down. Curtain. Intermission. Act II. The count has arrested Luisa's father. The villain was a basso. His name was Wurm.

Now I'm well aware that similar charges can be brought against the libretto of *Trovatore* (1852), but when Verdi wrote that verdant, indefatigable work, his music was as life's blood transfused into an anemic. Its recitatives, arias and cabalettas pulsed with the joy, fear and rage that shook the characters. Music as vital as this made me *want* to believe in that remorselessly romantic plot. In *Luisa*, Verdi showed considerable freedom in handling operatic convention (he went straight through solos, duets, and ensembles in the first scene without allowing a break for applause until the end), and there were many subtleties that promised better things to come (like the intimate scoring and dynamics when Wurm dictated the letter of false renunciation that Luisa had to write her lover), but the score, as a whole, suffered as much by comparison with its most famous aria as with anything Verdi wrote later. The tenor's lament, *Quando le sere al placido*, is a model of melodic grace and dramatic aptness.

The Met's production was well worth watching despite a touch of the gimmickry that has reached epidemic proportions this season, with Karajan's *Walküre* and Barrault's *Carmen*. To prepare the audience for the old-fashioned flavor of *Luisa*, designer Attilio Colonnello dressed up the proscenium to resemble the one in Naples' San Carlo, where *Luisa* was premiered. There was even a brace of three-tiered boxes onstage behind the footlights in which 30 choristers, dressed in the height of 1849 fashion, sat and sang (and talked) and applauded like mad. I was more taken with this rather charming touch than with Colonnello's tendency to overdress and overdesign everyone and everything onstage. Fortunately, Nathaniel Merrill's staging was intelligent and straightforward enough to set things right.

One cannot blame general manager Rudolf Bing for giving in to the urge to do a *Luisa* with the musical talent he had available. Thomas Schippers conducted with a supple but enlivening precision. Montserrat Caballé may not have the loveliest voice around, but I know of no one who could trace Luisa's melodic lines with Caballé's airy, Spanish-lace deftness. Sherrill Milnes, as her father, used his richer voice with so much tasteful verve and dramatic thrust that I would rank him right now as the finest American baritone since Tibbett. Ezio Flagello sang Wurm with splendid menace. Even Richard Tucker, whose sobbing and follow-the-bouncing-ball way of singing Italian I can do without, was generally tasteful as the slumming lover, and Giorgio Tozzi, who's been in sad voice the last few years, was acceptable as the count. Not a bad evening—but once was enough! Mr. Bing should be warned before he presses on to stuff like *Alzira* that while there is, indeed, a distinction to producing every opera that Verdi wrote, the distinction is not necessarily a pleasant one.

HARRIS GREEN

DAPPER GORE

THE STAGE

Gore Vidal is a reliable farceur. His writing is sophisticated, amoral, reasonably witty, almost as urbane as it thinks itself to be, and should make for an enjoyable evening in the theater. Why does *Weekend* turn out to be only bearable? (Mind you, bearable is not bad by current standards.) I suspect it has something to do with a basic coldness in the author. Like his characters in *Weekend*, he seems to care only in a narrow way about achieving his aims—in this case, to write a successful Broadway play—and there is no sense of feelings, intellectual passion, human concern beyond the basic requirements. Yet the spoils belong to the play with spilth.

It may be thought captious to ask of a farce more than a funny situation and bright lines. Or it might be claimed, especially by Mr. Vidal, that *Weekend* is, in fact, a comedy. Well, comedy must take human beings seriously, get at their very essence, in order to laugh at them; whereas Vidal's senator angling for the Republican presidential nomination is no more sharply examined or richly conceived than any of the pleasant or unpleasant human façades gravitating around him. This leaves farce, which I see as the acceleration and escalation of comedy into something demonic. But Mr. Vidal's play is neither deep nor devilish, only dapper.

Senator MacGruder is a debonair liberal Republican living in an easygoing *ménage à trois* with his wife and secretary. He is also a lucky Pierre in between conservatism and radicalism, jovially dallying with both. His erratic anthropologist son comes back from Paris with the girl he is about to marry: a Negro. This may cost Dad his political future, but—here comes switcheroo No. 1—

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Sonny knows this, and the threat of wedding bells tolls only for Dad, who is to be blackmailed (no pun intended) into underwriting Junior's unorthodox Lévi-Straussianizing ("Had he been like everybody else, the Ford Foundation would have supported him"). From here on in, the switcheroos rain thick and fast; the trouble is that when the unexpected comes like clockwork, it becomes very hard to distinguish it from the expected.

The play turns, really, into a literary-political platform for Vidal, from which to air his airy views on everything from Eisenhower to Vietnam, via love, marriage, swingerdom (if that is the right suffix) and what have you. There is, if I may speak Aristoteleanly, absolutely nothing wrong with Vidal's politics, or even his posterior analytics; it is his poetics that are deficient. Lines like "Next to the Vatican, the Kremlin is the last stronghold of romantic conservatism," or "Father, you're good, and that's why Lyndon Johnson will defeat you: because he represents the bloodymindedness of the people," or "No political career is ever finished in the United States—look at Richard Nixon!" may have their modicum of insight; but though straw is required for the making of bricks, you cannot build your play from straws, skipping the intermediate step.

All this is staged with condign slickness by Joseph Anthony, in a telling set of Oliver Smith and stylish clothes by Theoni V. Aldredge. The acting has just the right amount of hokum in it, and just the right lack of anything else. But Rosemary Murphy, as the senator's wife, is an exception. Her line readings, gestures, facial play have an uncanny accuracy under their comic exacerbation, and what emerges is, paradoxically, a very touching caricature, almost a pathos of the surreal. It is a beautiful performance, and it is theater. What surrounds it is merely showmanship. (*At the Broadhurst*)

A likewise, though dissimilarly, borderline operation is *Portrait of a Queen*, a historical collage about Queen Victoria, assembled by William Francis from diaries, letters, speeches, articles and contemporary popular ballads. It is all perfectly historical, bio- and autobiographical, and thus considerably less true than poetry or drama. Add to this a certain tendentiousness: what Arnold said of the Oxford Movement in *Culture and Anarchy*, "our wrecks are scattered on every shore," was soon to become true of the British Empire; but you cannot see the omens in the pageant of Mr. Francis, who is evidently *plus royaliste que* Noel Coward.

Nevertheless, on a set consisting of diverse platforms, Val May has directed this spectacle with what is customarily described as fluidity, and is, indeed, a stately flow complete with currents, eddies and occasional stagnancies. What really holds the enterprise together is Dorothy Tutin's acting. Her Victoria is both regal and human, both real and, quite rightly, stylized. There is always something faintly actressy, exaggerated, on display about this performance, which, however, cogently conveys the equivocal aspects of queenhood and Victorianism: the showiness of a vocation as well as the ambivalences of an age. But whatever Miss Tutin does is conceived on a large scale—even the details are somewhat large; above all, it is minutely thought out and magnificently executed. The aging is done much more from within than from without, and there is a splendid overarching consistency in the characterization of this grand, gracious, intense yet ultimately petty monarch.

The supporting cast, which ought to be so many small diamonds surrounding the large central stone, is, unfortunately, all too inclined to leave Miss Tutin a solitaire. Still, Derek Waring makes a narrowmindedly handsome and believable Albert, and James Cossins' Gladstone has a muffled dignity I found interesting, whether or not it is historical. A few others can scrape by, but in the key role of Disraeli, Dennis King is an orotund vacuum, a second-rate specimen of a style of acting I hoped had gone out with Maurice Evans. (*At the Henry Miller*)

JOHN SIMON

WINTERGREEN FOR PRESIDENT

THE SCREEN

Politics is one of the few subjects that Hollywood films usually leave alone. Except for such occasional bright items as "State of the Union," "The Best Man," "The Last Hurrah," and (perhaps) "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," there have been few films about political affairs. No doubt the subject is too here-today-gone-tomorrow for movie makers who may also be reluctant to step on anyone's toes and come out in favor of a party or issue not too popular with their paying customers. So it is all the more surprising that Walt Disney's studio has made a picture that focuses its attention on a presidential election, even though it be the safe and far-away one of 1888.

I went somewhat reluctantly to the preview of a film with a name like "The One and Only, Genuine, Original Family Band." And so I was pleased to find that except for the opening number, which shows the one and only, genuine, original family band in full swing, as led by Grandpa (Walter Brennan), the movie does not concentrate on the band but has some pleasantly amusing things to say about this Bower family who *are* the band: papa (Buddy Ebsen), mama (Janet Blair), eldest daughter (attractive Lesley Ann Warren) and her romance with a young newspaper publisher (John Davidson) from Rapid City who inspires the family to move to Dakota Territory as homesteaders, and of course a parcel of seven Bower young uns—all good-looking and fairly well behaved. Wisely, director Michael O'Herlihy never really lets the kids take over or steal the scene from their more

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interesting elders. Since the Bower family are homesteaders, however, I wish producer Bill Anderson had shown them at work once in a while and had let them get a little dirty. Instead "Family Band" looks like a typical musical movie—with spring in full blast and plenty of pretty flowers and Technicolor scenery.

But I don't mean to carp. What "Family Band" does have is a catchy *joie de vivre*. It's no "Oklahoma!" although it tries to be; the music and lyrics by Richard and Robert Sherman are at times even reminiscent of Rodgers and Hammerstein. John Davidson and Lesley Ann Warren sing several very pleasing duets, especially " 'Bout Time." The film has a big production number called "West of the Wide Missouri" which is sung and danced with gusto. And it has its "Dakota" which sings praises of the territory, and two rousing campaign songs, "Let's Put It Over With Grover" and the even better "Oh Benjamin Harrison."

No doubt some of the suspense of the political stuff is dimmed a bit since everyone who has taken History I knows who won that odd 1888 election and why. (Those who don't know about the working of the Electoral College may be more than a little apprehensive about the coming election.) In any case, the politics in "Family Band" is not too deep, although the situation of a family divided (Gramps is for Cleveland; papa and the young Dakota publisher are for Harrison) is handled interestingly. Another topic that has the Dakota people battling is whether the territory should become one or two states; and before the finale this is settled too without much suspense. But as a big rousing musical, "Family Band" serves its purposes and should give a lift.

Audiences for whom "Family Band" may be a little too wholesome, may find "No Way To Treat a Lady" up their alley. It's a very funny and campy kind of black (or grayish) comedy in which Rod Steiger in a series of amusing disguises murders a series of middle-aged women. John Gay wrote his wisecracking and suspenseful script from William Golding's novel; and director Jack Smight has added considerably to the amusement and suspense by his skillful handling of his good cast. Rod Steiger is excellent in the lead role, which requires his portraying eight roles as he goes about strangling his victims. And all of his impersonations are exceedingly well done: the Irish priest, the German plumber, the Italian waiter, the Jewish cop, the homosexual wig-fitter, and even a woman in one murder. In spite of the gruesome touches, "No Way" manages to stay funny. Maybe because you don't quite believe what's going on—even though the murders are for real and the police, needless to say, are thrown into a dither by the strangler.

A few of the jokes along the way fall into the police department. The main detective on the case, expertly played by George Segal who had a similar role in "Bye, Bye Braverman," isn't really a dope, but the poor guy is so mama-mufflered that he has little chance to grow up and be a big boy and catch a killer. (One of the few flaws in this unusual comedy is the casting of Eileen Heckart as Segal's whining Jewish mother. Miss Heckart is a fine actress but doesn't seem to get the part at all.) In any case Segal does grow up, and he's helped considerably by the woman (Lee Remick) who witnessed the first murder. The on-and-off romance between Lee and boyish George is another fun note in this strange thriller. At times the picture reminded me of "Monsieur Verdoux," Chaplin's brilliant version of Bluebeard. The Chaplin film was more cynical and had greater depth, but "No Way" will still keep you laughing on the edge of your chair.

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BOOKS

The modern corporation, a mirror on history

Management and Machiavelli

ANTONY JAY

Holt, Rinehart, $4.95

ALAN HARRINGTON

"I wrote *Management and Machiavelli* as a result of reading *The Prince* and being struck that this was a valuable management handbook for today. The more I pursued this persuasion the more clear it became to me that in all important respects corporations are political units analogous to the kingdoms and dukedoms and states of the past, that the same principles of good and bad government, success and failure, growth and decline apply to both. My book takes this starting point and goes on to show how much understanding of corporations and their management can be gained from the study of history. . . ."

Fair enough. To persuade us that he has hold of a large thesis, Antony Jay provides a feast of historical analogies. Before the first course has ended, he demonstrates convincingly enough that a historical connection may indeed be said to link the struggles for power among medieval princes and the battles for control of the marketplace waged by the corporate forces of our time. Big companies have their own domains administered by staff-barons and line-courtiers. They have distinctive faiths, moral systems, saints, devils and heretics, periods of renaissance and reform, as well as continuing territorial imperatives. Sales managers conduct the equivalent of military raids on the competition's territory, score victories, fall into retreat or rout, with success or failure depending on the application of age-old and perhaps eternally valid Management Practices.

In utterly convincing fashion, Mr. Jay traces the evolution of modern business from the citadels of feudally-organized family enterprise to professionally-managed kingdoms and empires. He can compare "the great York-Lancaster merger, the marriage of the Lancastrian Henry VII to Elizabeth of York and the foundation of the Tudor dynasty" to mergers and take-overs leading to the triumphs of the "Vanderbilts and Rockefellers and Carnegies . . . the Tudor monarchs in the realms of railways and oil and steel." At another point, in an electronic reference, he observes: " . . . shortly after their Bosworth came their Armada: Spain, in the shape of IBM, launched the computer System 360." We are not surprised to find the President of the United States in the robes of the American pope: "he certainly has his papal states: the Administration, the armed forces, NASA, the Department of State. . . ." Mr. Jay is everywhere brilliant, sometimes displaying erudition beyond the call of duty.

For instance, citing the decline of the Singer Sewing Machine corporation during the 1950's, he remarks that "the new president who had the job of lifting them out of it described [the company's problems] in words which could equally have been used of the Aztecs, the Incas, Darius' Persia, fourth-century Sparta, Manchu China, or Spain after Philip II."

Readers will find Mr. Jay's quick studies of the corporate battleground and his insights into management (not based on Machiavelli's argument but on the master's method of drawing practical lessons from history) all, all, lively and instructive. Anyone who cares about business management positively will not be bored by this book.

Yet something appears to be missing, in Mr. Jay's own terms. He is a big-leaguer, with gifts not only as a scholar but as a writer far beyond those of the grim lightweights who write most of the books on management. A former BBC associate, and now an independent writer, producer and consultant, he is doing corporate business a favor by writing about it.

What can be wrong then? The repast of analogies set before us seems to have no main course. It somewhat resembles the Chinese dinner that leaves you hungry again two hours later. Or (the author's analogies seem to be catching) the book may be compared to one of those football teams that move ahead in a loose, razzle-dazzle style until they reach the ten-yard-line but lack the final punch to drive home and score.

In its own league, *Management and Machiavelli* fails to score. It lacks the break-through quality of Ortega's *The Revolt of the Masses;* of Hoffer's *The True Believer;* William Whyte's *The Organization Man;* does not have the punch of *Parkinson's Law,* or even of *How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying.*

The writers responsible for these conceptions have, in scholarly or satirical ways, taken a moral stand on the subjects they placed under study. Mr. Jay confines himself to a Scholarly Stand, which is not good enough for this kind of book. Explicit in Ortega y Gasset's presentation is his disdain for the newly-arisen mass man. Similarly, behind dispassionate or humorous approaches, we feel Hoffer's opposition to the true believers, Whyte's to organization men, and Northcote-Parkinson's to the spread of bureaucracy.

Management and Machiavelli has been advertised as a work with an "overriding thesis." But such a thesis is precisely what Mr. Jay has not given us. Rather we have been offered a spread of ingenious analogies. The reader may find himself wishing that Mr. Jay had foregone the Machiavellian comparison altogether. When he drops it in the second part of the book, with Machiavelli out of there, he comes up with some of his best writing.

Antony Jay has the equipment to produce a masterful work on business

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management. Why is *Management and Machiavelli* merely a good book, and no more than that? Possibly his own method, or the method of Machiavelli, has held him back. The trouble may be that our present business culture, passing through a fantastic period of transition, administered by all kinds of managers hanging on like the drivers of runaway chariots, has become far too formidable to be left to Machiavelli. So much has happened, and is happening.

What can Machiavelli tell us about the emerging effects of racial discrimination in business; about the intrusion of the industrial-military complex into supposedly private business which, with sure war contracts to offer, has relieved many corporations of the classic marketing challenge? Will he help us forgive the decades of conformity imposed by management on Western youth—or teach us to accept the consequent discrediting of the profit motive itself in the eyes of many younger people?

Machiavelli could hardly be expected to imagine that the introduction of computers into both business and military affairs would some day make middle-management largely unnecessary. Or that the structure of management's combined juggernaut and jungle-gym as we know it today may soon be phased out of existence at all but the top executive levels.

Such qualitative changes, both moral and scientific, are drastically reordering our business environment. Yet Mr. Jay treats Management as though it were a platonic structure existing apart from these developments. He does not consider the possibility that, once qualitative change sets in, some day history will no longer sit still for Machiavelli.

It may be replied that the writer has deliberately left this sort of speculation out of his work, and that we have no right to expect from him what he has chosen not to attempt. We are then obliged to take the awkward position that he *should* have tried to go beyond his chosen limits, and that his failure to do so nullifies the credentials of *Management and Machiavelli* as the seminal work that Antony Jay's publishers claim it to be.

The Dissenting Academy

EDIT. THEODORE ROSZAK

Pantheon, $6.95

JEFFRY KAPLOW

If you are tired of the pseudo-scholarly obscenities of a Walt Rostow, read this book. If you are seeking to be convinced that there is still some decency left in the academic world of the United States, read this book. If you are wondering what intellectuals ought to do in order to stem the current tide of political reaction and moral decay, read another.

The contributors, in the words of the editor, "share a common polemical ground." This means, I take it, that they know (and agree on) what they are against: the use of the humanities and social sciences to create an unimaginative, acquiescent and ultimately reactionary generation of nit-picking, self-serving and irrelevant men, both in the scholarly community and in the public at large. And all this in the guise of valuing freedom, that most dangerous of all chimeras. Dangerous because it precludes discussion of real alternatives in science as in politics, since there are no longer any bases for judgment. One is therefore obliged to accept what is.

The essayists demonstrate—and in a few cases very well—the way all this works in each particular discipline, and several (Roszak, Chomsky) point to the connections that exist between this process of intellectual castration and the maintenance of the United States as policeman and/or ruler of the universe. One could not agree with them more. If these essays are somehow unsatisfying, the reason is to be sought elsewhere.

The author's assumption is that intellectuals have an important role to play in effecting radical social change. Hence the intensity of their rage against the establishment that seeks to make cowards (and accomplices) of them all. Although their Millsian conceit lacks programmatic content, it would be uncharitable and unjustifiably holier-than-thou to insist on this shortcoming. This is precisely the problem that worries them, and particularly its corollary: how can one connect one's responsibility as a scholar to one's responsibility as a citizen? *Pace* George Kennan, it is not sufficient that scholarship and activism be compatible. They must be integrated. The whole scholar, like the whole man, is more than the sum of his parts.

But then how does one integrate the study of English literature and the struggle for a better world, linguistics and the fight for peace in Vietnam? Perhaps Louis Kampf is right in suggesting that there are times when the ideal of pure scholarship must be put aside for the duration. I suspect, however, that Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, or any other great poem for that matter, need not be quite so irrelevant to our present concerns, if only because studying them permits us to affirm our allegiance to a certain humanistic heritage. It is not necessarily so, but it may be that the study of poetry makes it more difficult to run a bayonet through someone's gut than otherwise might be the case. A lot depends on how it is taught.

I may perhaps be excused if, as an historian, I choose to concentrate on Staughton Lynd's essay on the uses of history. There would be much to argue of an academic nature here, were we sitting across from one another at a seminar table, especially his defense of voluntarism based, I think, on a misreading of Marx. Lynd chooses "existential freedom" as opposed to the "maturation of inexorable historical forces." Perhaps he is right to insist so vigorously on the necessity of action, for the lack of a so-called "revolutionary situation" has too often served as an excuse for shirking responsibilities. On this point I would only remind him that there is no theoretical inconsistency between a call to action and an analysis based on the dialectical interaction of those self-same historical forces.

Lynd's present-mindedness, his desire to make history relevant, is refreshing. Marc Block reminded us more than once that "there is only one science of history, that which unites men of the present to men of the past." Lynd argues that the major task of the historian is as a chronicler in depth of the important events of his own lifetime, and that for lack of contemporary chronicles we may

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never be able to reconstitute the past. Now, it may well be that a subsidiary role of the historian is to be guardian of the collective memory and as such to give us courage to continue in the fight when things seem to be going badly. His principal task, however, is to approach the past with questions inspired by the present, not to chronicle but to analyze, even to predict. History teaches no lessons, but the historian does, in the sense that his studies may permit him, with scrupulous regard to the ascertainable facts and the application of imagination to them, to suggest courses of action likely to bring about desired results.

Similarly, we ought not to scan the past as a "source of forgotten alternatives." What does it matter to us that there may have been an alternative to the Constitution or to the Civil War? Historical choices belong to the past. What is important is to know why a given set of developments did in fact occur and how they conditioned what came next—and so on to the present day. On the basis of that knowledge, we can then ask: what do we do now? To act in this manner is to create at least the conditions for the unity of thought and action in a successful praxis. To hunt for forgotten alternatives is only to romanticize a dead past.

Arguments of this sort—shall we call them tactical?—may be had with several contributors to this volume. But, in the end, it is right to thank the authors for having spoken out, for marking a stage in the assumption of its responsibilities by the academic community. The rage they feel is common to us all. Now what we need is some guts to do something about it.

A Hall of Mirrors

ROBERT STONE

Houghton, Mifflin, $5.95

EMILE CAPOUYA

A young man named Rheinhardt hits New Orleans in sad shape. While his money lasts he drinks, dries out a little, drinks some more. When there is no help for it he starts working the missions, and through one of these he gets a job in an odd enterprise, part factory and part rehabilitation center. On his very first shift he meets Geraldine, who is also newly arrived from some other place. She hasn't been clever or careful, and she has a fresh knife scar on her face.

Rheinhardt was once a musician, and thereafter a radio "personality" in a small way. There is a station in town, owned by the rich man who runs the factory, and Rheinhardt tries out for the job of news broadcaster. He cannot afford the emotional expense of having opinions of his own, but he is very intelligent and has a gift of mimicry that tells him just how to select and edit the news so as to flatter the racist and generally reactionary sentiments of his prospective employer. The job is offered, and he takes it—in order to establish the basis for their life together, Geraldine supposes. But Rheinhardt contemplates no such thing. He takes the job because broadcasting is what he does; he is fluent and very adaptable.

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The extraordinary richness of the novel lies not so much in the plot as in the wonderfully drawn secondary characters, all on the margin of society and mostly on the outer edge of sanity. This gallery of grotesques does not strike the reader as being made up of arbitrary creations of a bookish imagination. They are social and psychological types that tell us a great deal about the real world of America. The crowning achievement is the character of Geraldine, ignorant, not pretty, and not smart, but so decent and womanly that the reader is powerfully drawn to her. Something very unusual is going on in this novel: the author's own encounter with life.

The unspoken theme of *A Hall of Mirrors* is the relation between the prosperous official society and its necessary underworld of drop-outs and cast-offs. These parallel systems meet in the persons of two characters. One is the millionaire demagogue, who wants to get more power than he already has by exploiting the fears of the poor white trash. The other is Rheinhardt, the pattern of the available "intellectual," the disabused journeyman liar of the communications industries.

On the whole, the most talented writers to have dealt with some aspect of this latest American phase—drugs, disaffection, inversion, advertising as politics—have not known what to make of it, artistically speaking. From Norman Mailer to John Rechy, striking as their characters and situations may be, they remain authors' impressions, smelling of the lamp even though they may have been drawn from the life. Robert Stone is almost completely free of this literary taint, except that for a good writer he is inclined to carry on a scene or a description long after a good reader has got the message. He has a breadth of mind and a seriousness that set him apart from any number of merely talented writers, for he instinctively makes the connection between the accidents of his fable and the world of his readers' experience. If there were any justice, he would get the National Book Award for fiction this year, but there is no justice of that kind.

Let us do him the honor, then, of criticizing his book as its merits deserve, and for that we must know a little more of the story. It is the millionaire's design to hold a great rally of his redneck supporters, and, by provoking an incident through some suborned or exploited Negroes, turn the rally into a race riot and a political putsch. Adaptable Rheinhardt is to be master of ceremonies at the rally, introducing the fundamentalist sky-pilot, the dotty retired military man, and the other necessary features of such gatherings. But Rheinhardt is a team player only so long as it suits him. What is more, he doesn't like himself, and he has a record of letting down the side in ways most destructive to himself. And, of course, something perversely human survives inside him, along with the brilliant expedients for refusing duty as a man. On the big night, Rheinhardt shows up stoned, and does what he can to confuse the proceedings. The planning for violence goes awry. There are mob-scenes, explosions, fire, and murder, but the political effort fails utterly. As a by-product of the night's doings, Geraldine is jailed, and she hangs herself in her cell. Rheinhardt is set to move on to some other town.

Rheinhardt is Camus' Stranger in a less abstract, less absolute form. His slightly humanized, slightly sentimentalized character is necessary for his role as the point of contact between the man of power and his audience of frustrated yokels. But, with more intellect and more effect than the Stranger, Rheinhardt is necessarily more abject. Moreover, there is no way in which he can possibly be redeemed within this novel. A great man, failing greatly, is worth looking at; a mean one, involving his betters in catastrophe, cannot hold the center of the stage. That is an unfortunate psychological requirement that only the best literature and the worst fulfill—Camus by redeeming the Stranger, and popular novels by presenting merely conventional heroes.

The problem of the hero is the problem of American literature in this period of crisis. So far, the attempt to evade it has attracted more writers of talent than the attempt to meet it. Mr. Stone has the energy and vision to deal as a novelist with this problem of the contemporary

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personality, and we can hope that his other novels will do so. But that requires that he free himself from the myth that enslaves us all—the superstition that nothing can be done.

Revelation and Theology, vol. 1

E. SCHILLEBEECKX, O.P.

Sheed & Ward, $5.95

AVERY DULLES

One of the most distressing features of the contemporary theological scene is the evanescence of recognizable method and norms. One has the impression that in theology anything goes. The wildest and most unsubstantiated generalizations receive acclaim precisely to the extent that they seem new and revolutionary. Unless theology can recapture some semblance of dignity and self-restraint, it will deserve to be dismissed as a field for amateurs and journalists.

Amid this welter of confusion it is a delight to come across the present finely chiseled sample of professional theology. Schillebeeckx writes with technical precision and avoids flashy popularization. While walking proudly in the footsteps of the Angelic Doctor, he proves himself a modern and progressive thinker, keenly sensitive to contemporary trends. His influence should do much to bridge the gap between traditional and contemporary theology.

This volume, containing only the first half of what is, in Dutch, volume one of *Theological Soundings,* reprints a number of articles written between 1945 and 1963. The *pièce de resistance* of the collection is the article "What Is Theology?"—a masterpiece of clarity, balance and seasoned wisdom, which splendidly illuminates the relationship between positive and speculative theology, between tradition and original insight. The situation of theology in our time would be vastly improved if the positions developed in this article were widely understood and deeply pondered.

As Schillebeeckx himself explicitly observes, theological method is entirely determined by the structure of revelation. Hence the essays on revelation in this volume are necessary companion pieces to those on theology. Schillebeeckx' positions are reminiscent of the Vatican II Constitution, *Dei Verbum,* and stand in the main current of contemporary Catholic theology. But the presentation of some points is rather sketchy, and leaves unanswered questions.

For one thing, Schillebeeckx relies heavily on the distinction between constitutive and explicative revelation—the former complete in apostolic times, the latter continuing within the history of the Church. This distinction has a basis in various statements of the magisterium—particularly those directed against Modernism—but requires elucidation. Schillebeeckx asserts that in Christ the Redeemer, God's definitive plan of salvation was made known. But one might still ask what prevents God from revealing new features of that plan after the time of Christ, or even after the death of the last apostle. The problem is of some importance, because its solution I suspect, demands a more concrete and less propositional view of revelation than even Schillebeeckx has given us. If revelation is essentially a matter of objective statements (a message, a plan, a collection of truths) one can hardly show how it was fully and unsurpassably communicated in Christ.

The concept of constitutive revelation gives rise to other problems. For Schillebeeckx it consists in the events of salvation history together with the prophetic or apostolic word by which these are interpreted. He sometimes speaks as if the relationship were additive. The saving interventions of God, he maintains, cannot be recognized as such without the commentary of the inspired word. But it is not clear what he means by "saving intervention." Would this mean a miracle in the classical sense? If so, it ought to be recognizable even prior to the prophetic word. And

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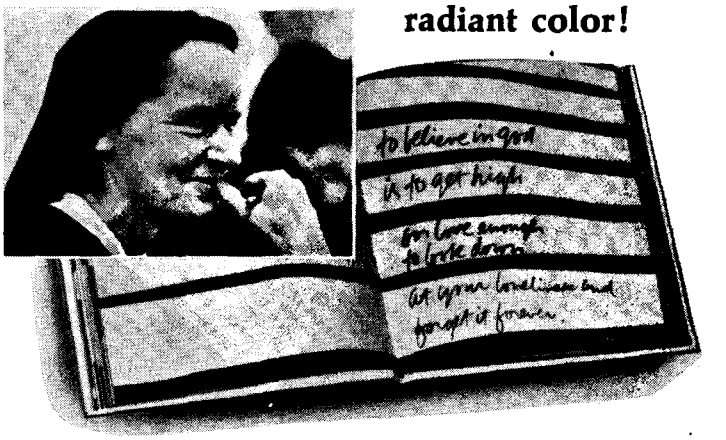

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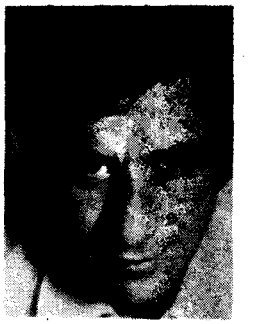
by JOSEPH PINTAURO and SISTER CORITA



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in any case, the word would seem to presuppose that someone—at least the prophet—has discerned the meaning without having heard anything more than the "soundless word" of the event itself. If an inspired word is needed to provide an assured interpretation of the event, what guarantees the authenticity of the prophetic word? We seem to be involved in circles, or in an infinite regress.

Similar questions could be raised regarding the relationship between the subjective and objective aspects of revelation. Schillebeeckx, quite rightly, wants to retain both, but he does not show with sufficient clarity, in my opinion, what the word adds to the inspired insight. He gives the impression that it is imposed from the outside, and somehow controls the insight. On the ground that the non-biblical religions lack any such guaranteed word-revelation, Schillebeeckx wishes to put them outside the category of revealed religions. In my estimation, this position should be further nuanced.

In his treatment of theology, Schillebeeckx loyally stands by the view of St. Thomas—and that of *Humani generis* —that theology, as a strict science, does not intrinsically depend on affective knowledge. But he accepts Newman's view that theology, as a science of the real, makes use of the illative sense. From his own explanation of Newman's position—which I find excellent —I find it hard to see how Schillebeeckx can deny that affective knowledge has a direct role in the theological process itself.

Thanks to books such as this, the interest and relevance of these and similar questions appear in a clearer light. Schillebeeckx unquestionably stimulates the reader to try to integrate the riches of the Scholastic tradition with new insights derived from modern historical and personalistic thinking. While I do not believe that the two have perfectly coalesced in this work, the author is to be praised for not having prematurely excluded either the old or the new approach.

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The World of Persons

CHARLES WINCKELMANS DE CLETY

Sheed & Ward, $8.50

WALTER ARNOLD

Philosophers, like novelists, tend to create the world they presume to describe. And their works, as deeds, become parts of a certain kind of world. Even "absurd logic" contributes to an absurd world and not just to an absurd view of the world. Certainly what has been taken as "impersonal knowledge" and "realism" has helped to build the radically "impersonal world" that is felt to characterize so much of our own. If this world is not habitable for long, it is still a human creation, and the way out may be the way in, namely by a deeper awareness of how "the world out there" is nevertheless a "world of persons." That at least is the main burden of this book, a major and remarkable essay in the new-fashioned critical and speculative philosophy that has been called "existential phenomenology."

Father Winckelmans is a Belgian Jesuit who is a pastor in a Catholic community south of Calcutta. He is, incidentally, deeply versed in Indian thought and culture, and many of his own views seem to harmonize with motifs in the Indian religious and philosophical tradition. He writes in English, which has long been his daily working language. And aside from some persistent "phenomenological" jargon, notably a habit of hyphenating phrases to express the relatedness of things, his book is uncommonly well and clearly written. One generally knows where one is in its pages and where one must agree or disagree or remain puzzled. In philosophical works, especially, one is grateful for this kind of clarity.

The World of Persons is divided into three principal parts: Discovering the Personal Field, Exploring the Human World and Reaching the Foundations. Dialectically, the whole work is an assertion of the claims of "lived reality" against both realism and idealism, both

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"scientific" positivism and "metaphysical" spiritualism. It constitutes an attack on the "geometrical mentality" and dualism of so much modern and classical Western thought, an attack drawn from other more "vitalist" and "existential" resources in the same traditions. For the author, man is not primarily "a certain I know" but rather "a certain I live" and the world, which is after all "my world" is chiefly a function of my "act-project," the course of my freely determined daily projects, in association with those of all other persons, whether they are human, "cosmic" or divine.

Following the lead of philosophers like Edmund Husserl and Heidegger, though differing from them in many ways, Father Winckelmans seeks to establish his "vision of the whole" on the radical, "presuppositionless" analysis of his own immediate experience of the world. In fact he claims that the entire essay is merely the drawing out of the meaning of a single experience, namely of the relatedness of "things" to personal intentions and acts. He holds that it can be seen that things have no meaningful existence apart from their context in a world which is the focus or effect of personal regard. The "unity-meaning" of the world is constituted by "my life-act-realizing-itself-through-my-act-project" together with my membership "in a community of persons coextensive with the whole created reality."

Critical readers, and this book deserves them, will of course want to ask how Father Winckelmans "knows" many of the things he is so confident of, as that the world has a "unity-meaning," or that "nature" had such a meaning before man. They will want to know just what he does mean by "the world" in the first place, or "life-act," or especially "person." The last is obviously crucial, and it is simply not made clear in the essay. Long ago Kant remarked that the whole issue of philosophy seems to hang on the meaning of "that little word," person. Not that any of these terms are capable of an "exact" designation, but some consideration of their problematic nature would have been warranted in this book.

Obviously Father Winckelmans believes in God as Transcendental Creator and Presence. For him the freedom of persons, which is their own power of transcendence, and their "authentic existence" depends upon obedience to the will of the Creator, which is love. But this conviction is not "strictly philosophical"; it is imported into his analysis from Revelation. That is perfectly legitimate, except that somewhat like Teilhard de Chardin (concerning whose views there are some very trenchant observations here) Father Winckelmans believes he is being "strictly philosophical" in his work. The most that can be said, and it is no faint praise, is that his essay shows a way in which a limited philosophical perspection accords with some essential religious truths. He shows the possibility of another way in which words of human wisdom can convey the meaning of the Word.

There would be much else to comment on and question in this abundant book. The sections on Temporality and Community alone deserve close attention, as do Father Winckelmans' observations on other philosophical approaches, such as his interesting "Note on Thomist Psychology." Also his point of view has many affinities with what most of the great figures in the American philosophical tradition, such as Emerson, Royce, Pierce and James, were getting at in their work. And the framework of thought he provides would undoubtedly prove useful to poets and students of literature as well as to psychologists. "Existential phenomenology," of which this work is a good example, has found its most remarkable application in fields of psychology, particularly in this country with the work of such men as the late Gordon Allport, Carl Rogers, Rollo May and A. H. Maslow. But it is for itself, as a work of philosophical anthropology and speculative cosmology that *The World of Persons* should be read. Many may find it has just the perspective they need for the kind of world they wish to help build.

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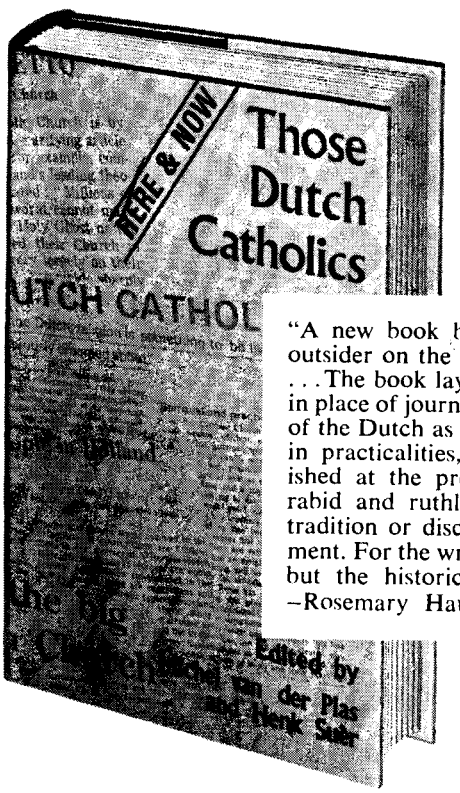

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PAPERBACKS

The Village of Ben Suc by Jonathan Schell (Vintage $1.65) is one of many new Vintages this month that merit special mention. The book narrates the pacification of Ben Suc where the occupation forces saved yet another village by destroying it, herding its population into a detention camp. Jerome Frank's *Sanity and Survival* (Vintage $1.95) is a critical examination of the psychology of war and war preparation. Presumably we could stop war if we only knew why we make it. Ronald V. Sampson takes a stab at the love/power dichotomy in his excellent study of how the power instinct is inculcated in the politics of the family. His book *The Psychology of Power* (Vintage $1.95) is clearly the best reprint of the season. Other Vintage books worth the time are Robert Lekachman's *The Age of Keynes* ($2.45) which doesn't exactly specify what we should do with the economy when there is also a Vietnam, but is perhaps the best book to appear on Keynes and on some crucial aspects of the new economics.

Then, of course, there is the heralded *Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders* (Bantam $1.25) which the President has already damned with faint praise. The Report will probably go to a zillion printings, which will sell like crazy to people who will buy it under the impression that it is some sort of insurance against the coming conflagration.

From Signet comes *The Hippie Papers*, edited by Jerry Hopkins (95¢), chock full of the ruminations of the so-called underground press and decorated with a naked lady with decals plastered all over her nubile form. No literary gem, the book is a good sampling of the best and worst documents; it forms a good introduction for us squares still uptight with such things as grammar and a decent respect for the opinions of mankind.

New Schocken books include two by W.E.B. DuBois, a long neglected scholar whose study, *The Philadelphia Negro* ($2.95) was one of the first scientific investigations of Negro life, a chronicle of social mechanisms and a history of the repression of urban Negroes. His *Dusk of Dawn* ($2.45), written in his 70th year, is an autobiography interlarded with the kind of social commentary that foretold the struggle now going on.

Briefly noted: *The Enforcement of Morals* by Patrick Devlin (Oxford University Press, $1.35), a historical and theoretical study of the legislation of morality with an excellent chapter on J.S. Mill, the father of "social pressure." *Freedom and Order* by Henry Steele Commager, a witty and sober assessment of US and Vietnam (Meridian, $2.65). J. Bronowski's *The Face of Violence* (Meridian $2.25) unmasks violence to find all of us behind it doing our thing. Penguin's offerings for the month include *The Psychotic* (95¢) by Andrew Crowcroft, subtitled "Understanding Madness" which turns out, as expected, to be very much like the kind of convulsions gripping our collective ulcers. Also this month from Penguin: readable, inexpensive editions of Melville's *Billy Budd* ($1.45), *Silas Marner* ($1.25) *and Edgar Allan Poe, Selected Writings* ($1.45). New American Library has brought out *New American Review* #2, edited by Theodore Solotaroff. *NAR* is an outstanding collection of contemporary fiction, poetry—including Gunter Grass on futility and impotence—and some unremarkable essays on the two preoccupations of our time: Black Power and Marshall McLuhan. Fawcett Premier left off a copy of *Latin America: Reform or Revolution?* edited by James Petras and Maurice Zeitlin (95¢)—a bland title for an outstanding collection that really does pierce all our myths and suppositions about Latin America with radical interpretations of the reasons for its stagnation and the ineffectuality of the middle classes to clear the way for reform. Popular Library has recently republished Clancy Segal's monument to the '50s, *Going Away* (95¢), a novel which oughtn't to be missed; it chronicles the absorption of the Communists and radical unionists into the tar baby of the Eisenhower decade; characters and country are drawn with anguish of a man caught in his own ambivalence and fleeing to the refuge of England.

JONATHAN EISEN

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 59)

the fact that they reveal to us the full value and meaning of life in *this* world.

We must face the objection, however, does eschatologically-oriented religion warp our image of the Church and of the world? If our eschatology is purely "futuristic" and is not subjected to "demythologization," the answer must be yes. But recent scriptural studies have shown that authentic biblical eschatology is *not* merely futuristic, it is also "realized" or "inaugurated." The reign of God has *already* begun in the death and resurrection of Christ, the *parousia* is but *one coming* of the Lord from the resurrection until the end of time. We have *already* died and risen with Christ (Rom. 6), our life is hidden in Christ, indeed in Christ we are already in heaven (Eph. 2:6), and thus in light of what we *are* in Christ we must love in a genuine manner God, our neighbor, and the world (Cols. 3-4).

Various authors equally stress the necessity of demythologizing the New Testament's eschatology, its use of apocalyptical imagery familiar and meaningful to the readers of that epoch but unreal and irrelevant today. We must cut through this imagery to arrive at the revealed truth itself, perhaps recasting (re-mythologizing) this truth in symbols which have significance for modern man.

The Apostle Paul makes it clear that the *essential* element of our future life is an existential and personal relationship with the Lord. He writes that one day the Lord will descend from heaven, we shall be caught up into the clouds, we shall meet the Lord in the air, "and so *we shall be with the Lord forever*" (I Thess. 4:16-17). The fundamental truth here is that our destiny is to be with the Lord, in a union of love more intense, selfless and dynamic than any intimacy known on earth. Earthly reality is not deprecated; rather, in human and Christian experience is found the *anticipation* of the life that is to come, but neither is the world to be valued as the ultimate reality. Aside from being with the Lord, however, all the rest is imagery which need not be retained. . . It should be noted in passing that Paul never separates body and soul. The whole person is corporal, the whole person is spiritual. The whole man falls asleep, the whole man is changed in the resurrection. All that is sown corruptible, rises incorruptible.

If our understanding of the "last things" is demythologized and the future dimension of the eschatological is seen as already anticipated in the *present*, it will become clear that "eschatological" and "incarnational" approaches to the faith are not opposed but are necessarily complementary. The resurrection and ascension of Christ are inseparable from the incarnation. They represent not a departure from this world, but the anticipated final glorification of the world. Christ has never left the world, but has immersed himself in it to the ultimate degree. It is in the light of the Paschal Mysteries thus understood that we should interpret the "last things," our own death and personal destiny.

Bishop J. A. T. Robinson has criticized the type of incarnational approach which makes the Church a kind of replacement for the incarnation, ne-

REVIEWERS

ALAN HARRINGTON's most recent book is *The Secret Swinger*. His own novel dealing with life in a large corporation, *Life In the Crystal Palace*, was recently released in paperback.

JEFFRY KAPLOW is an associate professor of history at Columbia University.

EMILE CAPOUYA contributes literary articles to the *Saturday Review* and other magazines.

FATHER AVERY DULLES, S.J., is professor of systematic theology at Woodstock College. A frequent contributor to *Theological Studies* and other journals, he has written *The Dimensions of the Church*, among other books.

WALTER ARNOLD is an associate editor with a New York publishing house.

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glecting it as the eschatological community of the Messiah. Edward Schillebeeckx asserts that "certainly the Church in her visibility prolongs the function of the earthly visibility which Christ once enjoyed. But the Passover brought about a change of emphasis; Christ *lives* now, at this moment. His glorious body continues to fulfill the function it had during his earthly life. . . . The Church is a prolongation primarily of the heavenly Christ, and therefore it prolongs the function of the earthly body of Jesus. . . . 'Christ is the Lord, sitting at God's right hand', is the fundamental confession of faith in both past and future *parousia*." The incarnational and echatological Christ is one and the same.

It has been remarked by Dietrich Bonhoeffer that when we become absorbed with the present, when we lose sight of the past and future dimensions of existence, "life fluctuates between the most bestial enjoyment of the moment and an adventurous game of chance. An abrupt end is put to any kind of inner self-development and to any gradual attainment of personal or vocational maturity. There is no personal destiny, and consequently there is no personal dignity. Karl Rahner has insisted that without a belief in the *"absolute* future," God and our life in God, the present world becomes a closed system devoid of *ultimate* significance.

My conclusion, then, is that the Christian cannot rightly value this world for what it is, for what it *really* is, and he cannot appreciate the profound meaning of the incarnation, unless he possesses an understanding of the "last things" in terms of an "inaugurated" and demythologized eschatology founded upon the Paschal Mysteries. We undoubtedly need not a moratorium but a definitive burial of those death-sermons which use death as the ultimate threat or as the portal to the only life that counts, but the radical importance of the theme of "death" in contemporary theology and in such influential philosophies as that of Martin Heidegger points to the great need for the preaching of authentic Christian doctrine on the ultimate realities of human existence in the Lord.

(REV.) FRANK V. MANNING

"Troubled Priests"

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: In your very interesting and informative discussions of the roles and troubles of priests, two more roles, troublesome indeed, might be considered. The first is the vanishing, or perhaps (thankfully!) vanished role of magician, which was nurtured by the bad theology attendant on the stress of *ex opere operato* sacramentality. No telling how much damage this did.

The second role is still with us, and will be, I'm afraid, for a long time. That is the "holy man" role . . . Here, at least in many instances, I think a bad thing happened. The priest (or religious person) became the external focus of religion for the lay people. And in fact, became the convenient *externalization* of *their own* religious responsibilities. The priest became the "man in charge of God." . . The "holiness" (and, truly, at times the real holiness) of the priest became the lay person's guarantee; but the cleric's alienation from others increased. The unChristian and unthinking reaction to priests who left the priesthood might possibly be explained, to a certain extent, by this recognition that each "fallen" priest was really a threat to the lay person, since it was the destruction or wounding of the external symbol of his own religious responsibilities.

This is a real continuing problem, I feel. How to be a witness to Christ in a genuine, but non-alienated way, and at the same time not to become the occasion for anyone else's psychological "cop-out."

ARTHUR E. GORDON, S.J.

Morristown, N.J.

To the Editors: Is it not time for *Commonweal* to treat its readers to priest-theologians who see the troubled priest from a vantage point other than that expressed in both the Symposium on the troubled priest (Feb. 16) and in the Exchange of Views resulting from the Symposium (March 15)?

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Sacred Scripture, he perceives therein a large segment of salvation history. The Catholic theologian, I believe, does not look upon that history as ended once the final page of *Revelation* has been written; rather, what is begun in the Scriptures contains a promise for mankind, that the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob will continue to animate man for all ages to come. The Incarnation of Jesus Christ, says the believing Christian, confirms the promise of the Old Law, and gives to the sons of God a new liberty that the Mosaic Law did not essentially contain.

The priest who so regards sacred history sees himself as part of that continuing history, and recognizes that as Yahweh spoke to Moses and Elijah of old, he speaks to the priest and the prophet of the New Law as well. The patriarch of old was *called* by God, and God *spoke* with him; the priest of the New Law is called by God, and unless salvation history is bereft of any contemporary significance, God speaks to the priest just as really as He spoke to our fathers who preceded the God-Man in time. . .

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Is it inappropriate to observe that the priest, troubled or untroubled, must identify himself with the Christ of the baptism, the Jesus who suffered in the midst of his doing good for others? "The disciple is not superior to his teacher" (Matthew 10:24). The cross of Jesus can never be far from him who undertakes to follow the Master intently.

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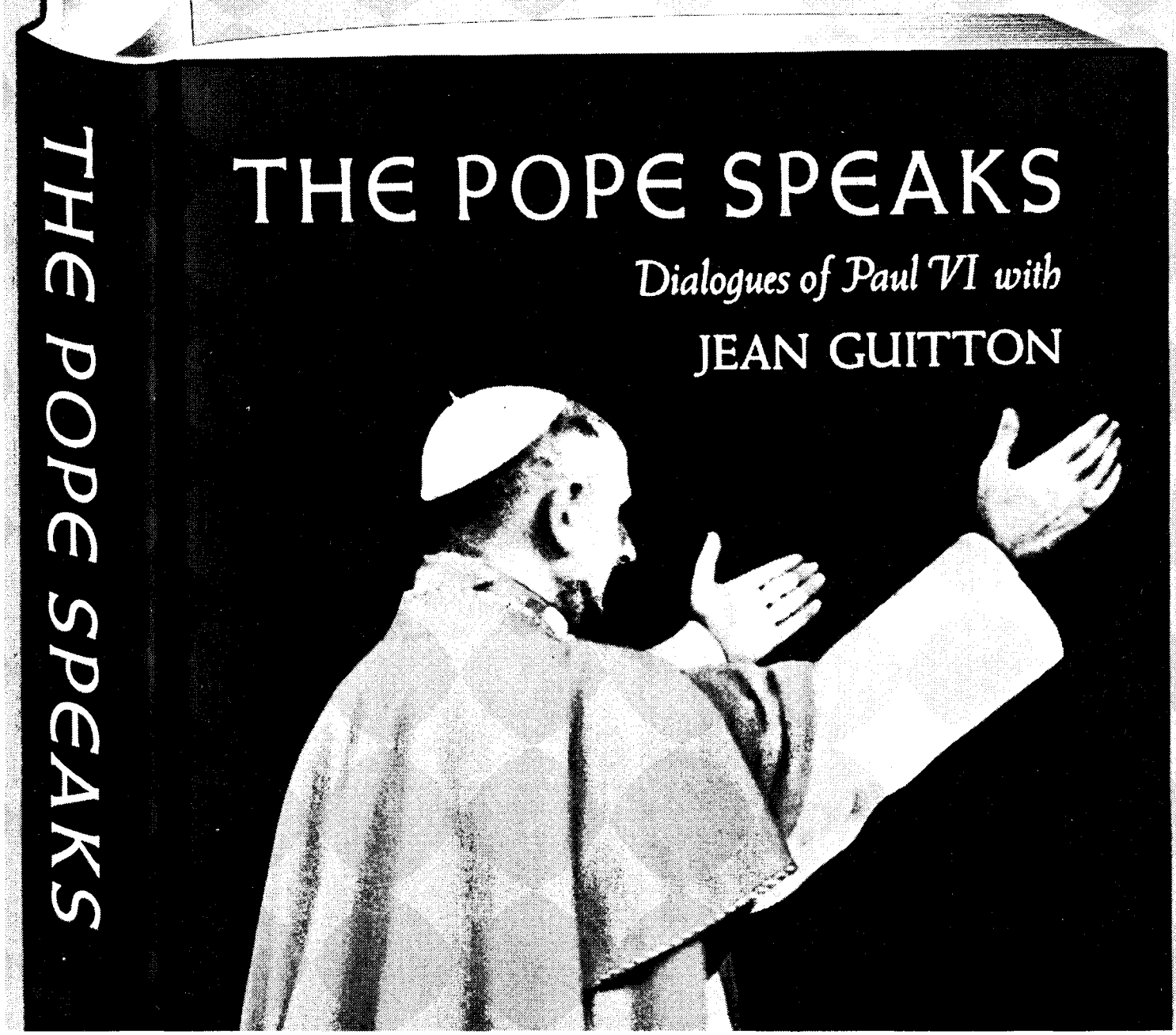

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